BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER, 1951

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 43 No. 4 OCTOBER, 1951

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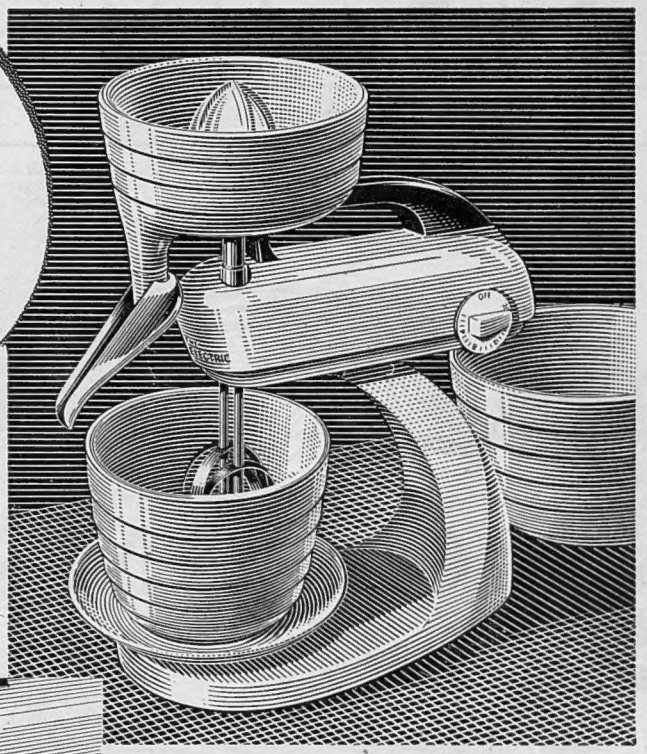

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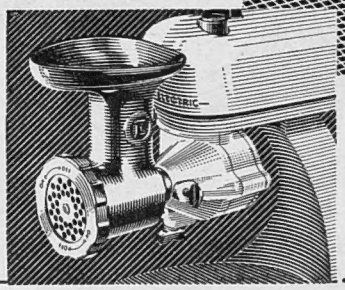

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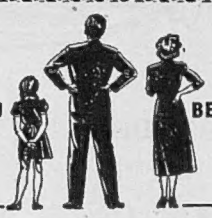

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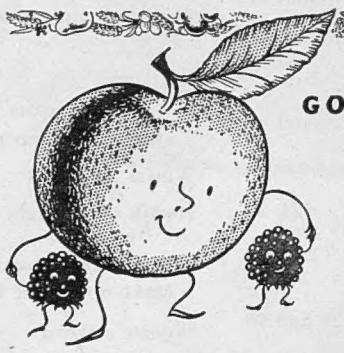

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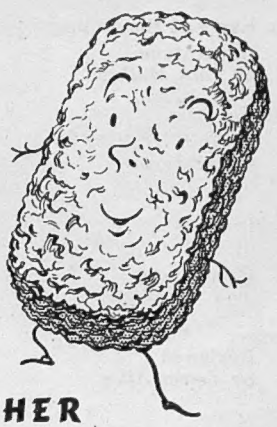

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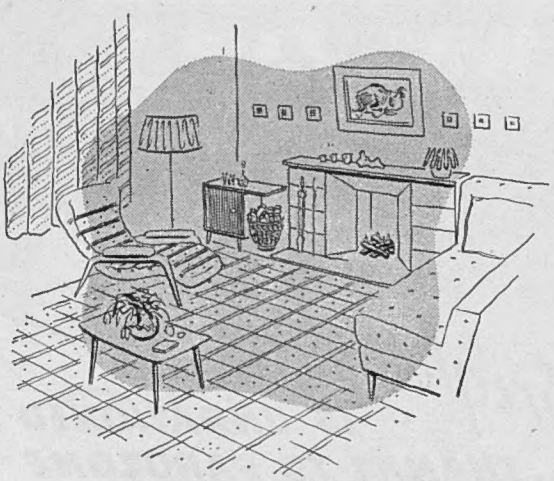
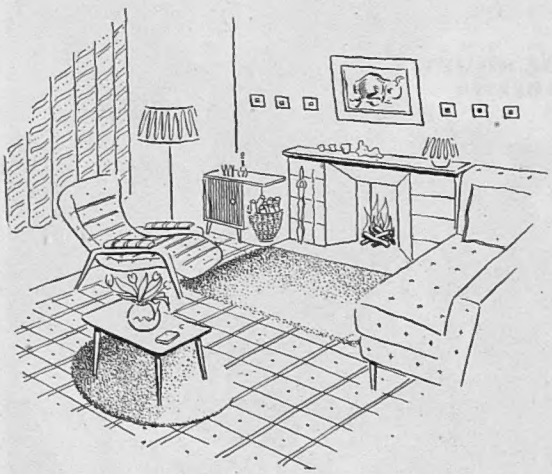


the lounge



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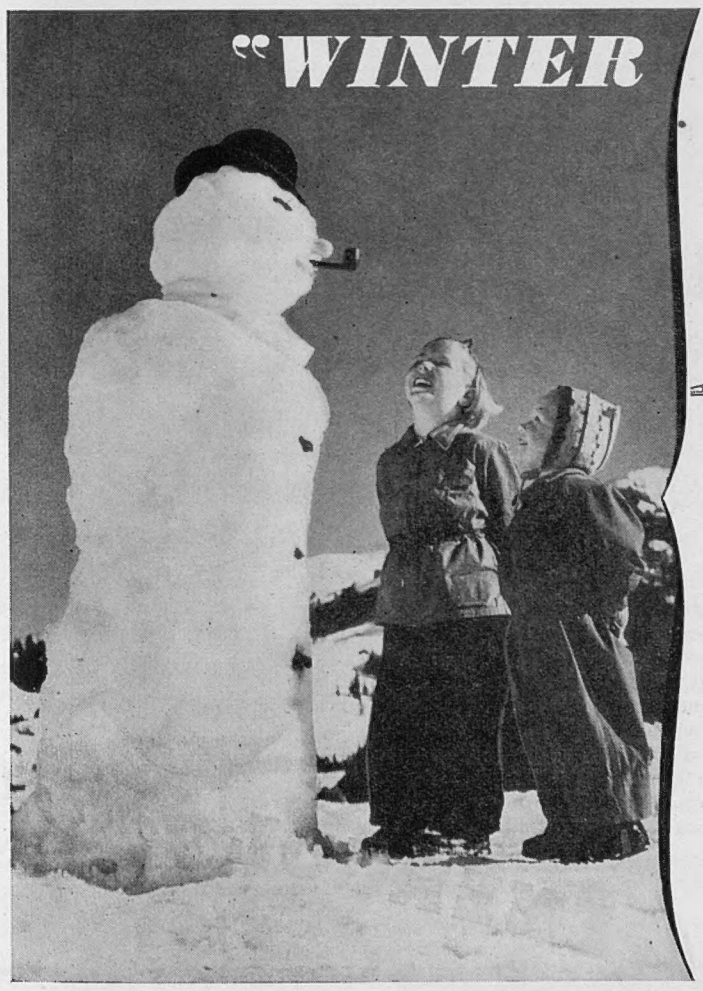

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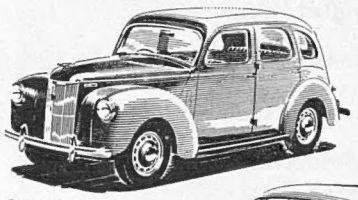

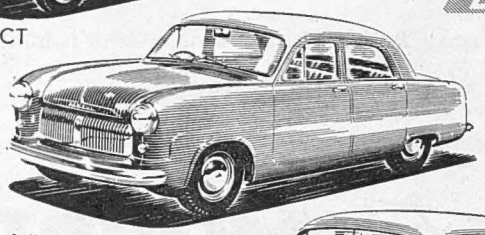

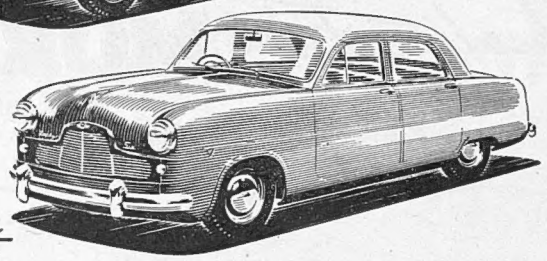

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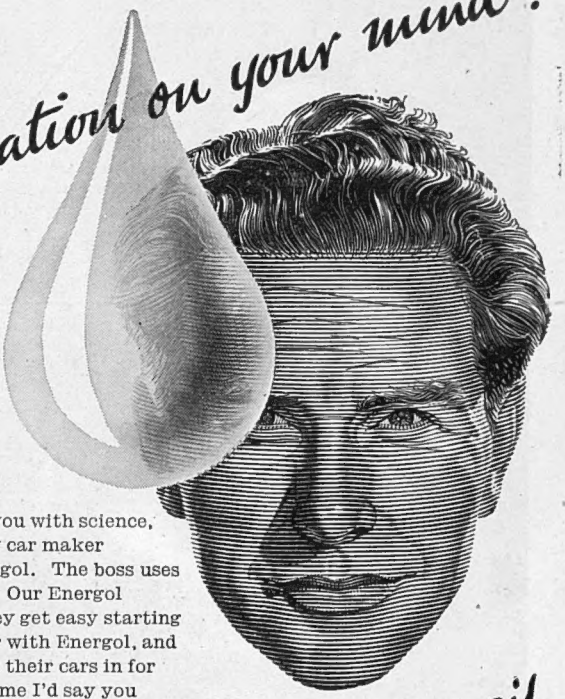

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"No, Mr. Porteus, of course not. Ahem . . . always pleased to oblige"

Mr. Inkpin's Diamond Wedding

a short story by KEM BENNETT.

IT was mid-day on a Saturday and Mr. Inkpin was reaching for his workaday hat when he heard the voice of the boss, Maximilian Porteus, Esquire, behind him. As usual, it sounded as if Mr. Porteus were in the habit of gargling with brandy and cigar juice before breakfast. "Inkpin, old man, got to ask you to come in after lunch to check a consignment from Paris."

Mr. Inkpin's hand, bearing a crested signet ring to which he had no right, but of which he was exceedingly proud, halted in mid-air. His eyelids closed for a second in weary resignation, then he turned about, yanking a tactful smile of co-operation across his benign features.

"Won't mind, will you, Inkpin?" Mr. Porteus added in the confident manner of a dentist assuring himself that the patient is happy to be hurt.

"No, Mr. Porteus, of course not. Ahem . . . always pleased to oblige."

Hypocrisy. Mr. Inkpin minded like nobody's business. Quite apart from the imposition on his leisure, it pained him to do Maximilian Porteus a favour. The man was a plutocratic clod and a barbarian oik. Mr. Inkpin loathed him with a mild but implacable cordiality.

"It's that lot that ought to 'ave arrived yesterday," Mr. Porteus explained.

"Ah, ye-es?"

"Don't forget to keep 'em separate from the rest of the stock in the cold room. Put 'em in trays on one side till I've 'ad time to take samples."

"Quite, Mr. Porteus."

"Thank you, Inkpin, old man. 'Ave a good week-end. Don't do anythin' I wouldn't do."

Mr. Porteus departed, congratulating himself on the way good-fellowship made friends of his employees. He was wearing his Saturday-go-to-the-Dogs suit of noisy checked plus-fours. He waddled as he went, leaving behind him a breath of violet hair-oil. Mr. Inkpin remained, staring gloomily at his hat on the hat-stand while his lips murmured elegant but vicious little imprecations. A moment later he sniffed disgustedly, sat down at his desk and raised an imperious hand which stopped an office-boy in full flight.

"Sandwiches, Sidney," Mr. Inkpin explained, putting half-a-crown on the desk-top. "And a bottle of beer—a small Tolly, for preference. And, dear boy, contrive to refuse the liver sausage. It is made of dead cat and dirty boiler suitings."

THE belated consignment arrived at three o'clock, delivered at the door by a truck with "Air France" painted across its side. Mr. Inkpin signed for the goods and had them dumped close to the door of the cold room. Then he put on a pair of protective gloves and unpacked the containers.

It was high-class merchandise. Complete dishes, cooked in Paris at a well-known restaurant, packed into little aluminium pots, quickly frozen and flown to London, they were due to be sold to British gourmets who would pay riotously for the privilege of eating *la cuisine classique* in their own homes.

When he had unpacked the containers, Mr. Inkpin reached for the invoices and started to check the consignment. It was done by four o'clock. He prepared to slide the trays on to a shelf in the cold room; then a thought struck him and he paused. Taking two pots from one of the trays, he weighed them meditatively in his hand and pursed his lips. *Tournedos Archiduc*, the labels read, *Fillet steak, sauté in butter, garnished with truffles and small croquettes of calf's brains, all in a sherry sauce.*

Mr. Inkpin's mouth watered gently. He rubbed his nose with his index finger, glanced guiltily over his shoulder. Then he reached impulsively for an invoice, hesitated again and finally wrote, "Two missing" beside the words *Tournedos Archiduc*. There had been mistakes before. French chefs evidently had difficulty in counting. He slipped the two pots in a paper bag, shut the cold-room door and went upstairs for his hat. "Overtime," he told himself, glancing at the paper bag. "Quite proper. Perfectly proper. Won't be missed. Perfectly justified . . . ahem."

ON his way home Mr. Inkpin bought a pound of new potatoes, a honeydew melon, a carton of ice-cream and a bottle of champagne. This last item cost him twenty-five shillings and sixpence. He didn't mind because he had a reason. He was in love.

The taxi which he hired to take him home from the Shepherd's Bush Empire at eleven that evening cost him another four-and-ninepence, plus a shilling tip. He minded this expense even less than the cost of the champagne because by this time he had his Reason with him—in the taxi.

She was called Rose Fleur professionally, but to her friends, of whom Mr. Inkpin yearned to be one, she was known as Blossom.

Blossom was billed as "The Aerial Danseuse." Every night twice and on Saturdays three times she climbed lithely up a padded rope and did slow somersaults and poses on a trapeze in time with romantically gooey music. As an act Blossom's was not exceptional, but the whiteness of her arms and legs and beautiful shining teeth and the smooth rotundity of the curves she concealed behind an inadequate quantity of spangles did a great deal to make up. She was twenty-six years old, had fine yellow hair, a talent for impudent conversation and no illusions.

Mr. Inkpin was the one with the illusions. He had been dazzled by the whiteness of her rounded limbs and the pale yellow colour of her hair, which reminded him of vanilla ice-cream.

"Here we are, my dear," he said excitedly at ten past eleven, and Blossom blinked, wondering why he had failed to be rambunctious in the taxi. Mr. Inkpin could have told her. He was nervous.

She followed him through the front door of a boarding-house and into a bed-sitting-room which Mrs. Crunch, his landlady, liked to think of as a gentleman's residential suite. Blossom's calculating eye took in the white tablecloth, the bottle of champagne cooling in a coal-scuttle artfully disguised by swathes of white napkin, the segments of melon on two plates, the flowers, and turned towards the divan bed in a corner. Her right eyebrow flickered upwards for an instant; then she smiled. Aerial dancing had given her wrists of steel. She knew from considerable experience that she needed to go no nearer to a divan bed than she meant to, unless her partner happened to be a heavyweight wrestler, which Mr. Inkpin was not.

"'Strewth!" she said. "Tasty! What I call elegant, ducks, and no error."

Mr. Inkpin fluttered his hands in deprecation. "A mere *pied à terre*, my dear. What with the servant problem one is better off in such a place than in a larger establishment."

He glanced in the mirror over the fireplace: approved the set of his coat over the waistcoat in tastefully small checks which he had bought only a week before; sniffed the carnation in his lapel and turned, swinging his monocle round and round on the end of its black silk ribbon. "Do sit down, my dear, and make yourself comfortable."

Blossom shrugged off her raincoat and threw it on the bed. She was wearing a green silk dress with a lot of black braid; v-necked and cut generously low. Mr. Inkpin's spine tingled delightfully.

The champagne cork popped. Mr. Inkpin poured a little into one of the glasses and sniffed. He sipped. He fluttered his eyelids in comical appreciation. "Ahem . . . a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou—as Omar Khayyam observed. Shall we sup?"

"Come again, dearie?"

"Shall we . . . er . . . shall we try the melon?"

They ate the melon—with salt on, because Mr. Inkpin insisted. "Brings out the flavour," he told her, sprinkling delicately with a little finger extended. "Liberates the esters, my dear, and improves the perfume. Pray try a little."

Presently Mr. Inkpin removed the dirty plates to a side table and excused himself. He went to the door. "Mrs. Crunch!" he shouted gaily down the corridor. Mrs. Crunch's plate-like feet sounded on the kitchen stairs. Mr. Inkpin took two dishes from her and two warm plates. He laid a plate in front of Blossom and put the dishes in the centre of the table, lifting the lids. In one of the dishes Mr. Porteus's two missing pots were revealed, garnished tastefully with parsley, steaming gently.

"*Tournedos Archiduc*," Mr. Inkpin murmured importantly. "From the hand of the *chef cuisinier* of the Restaurant des Bons Gourmets in Paris." He tipped the contents of a pot on to Blossom's plate.

Blossom frowned, then blinked and sniffed. She liked to know what she was eating. "Oh, well, I suppose you live and learn," she said doubtfully.

Mr. Inkpin leaped to defend his treat. "Cooked in Paris, my dear," he reminded her. "Seized in the icy hand of refrigeration, flown swiftly to England and reheated for your pleasure. You wait, my dear. I think you will be agreeably surprised." Blossom remembered her manners. "Oh, I'm sure I will. It's just that I'm choosey, that's all."

Blossom was

He served her with new potatoes from the other dish. Blossom sipped her champagne, leaving a red rim on the glass which she removed casually with her napkin. Then she cut a slice of meat, balanced a little potato on top, and popped it into her rosebud mouth. For a moment surprise and pleasure mirrored themselves on her face, then she gasped in sudden agony and clapped her hand to her mouth. Mr. Inkpin frowned.

Illustrations by
WHITEAR.

clinging desperately to her manners. Tears welled in her baby-blue eyes.

"Hot, my dear?"

Blossom was clinging desperately to her manners. Tears welled in her baby-blue eyes. She was speechless with pain. Nevertheless, she sorted the food in her mouth, found the offending bit and spat it out genteelly on to her fork. She put it on the side of her plate.

Mr. Inkpin stared and his monocle fell from his eye, landing with a splash in the *Tournedos Archiduc.*

Blossom had bitten on a diamond. There it lay on the plate—slightly begravied, but quite recognisable.

IT was just a middling size diamond; as big, perhaps, as Mr. Inkpin's little finger-nail. It glittered in a subdued sort of way because the light had to elbow its way through quite a lot of gravy. All the same, it glittered.

Mr. Inkpin swallowed painfully. His mind was going round like a carousel—round and round and round. The pressure of astonishment inside his bald and shiny little cranium made his eyes pop out. He looked like Mr. Toad of Toad Hall when beset with tribulations.

Blossom picked up the stone and cleaned it on her napkin. As she did so the tears of pain in her eyes were replaced by tears of gratitude. She raised her fair head and looked across adoringly at the

astonished Mr. Inkpin. "Pretending to be surprised," she said with fond reproof. "What a way to give a girl a present! I might have swallowed it, you wicked thing, you."

The carousel went round faster still. Mr. Inkpin's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and made a little sucking noise as he disengaged it. Very nearly, he blurted out the truth—that he was as surprised as she was—that he had never seen the diamond in his life. But intelligence reasserted itself. Mr. Inkpin recognised a gift from the gods and was wise enough not to throw it back in their immortal faces. "I . . . I . . . ahem," he said. "M-m . . . tut-tut. That was a foolish prank, was it not? I am afraid you hurt yourself. . . . And I meant it for a delightful surprise. However, all 's well that ends well. Do you like the stone?"

"Like it! Ooh, it 's beautiful! Reelly it is—ever so. I been given some nice presents in my time, but never nothing like this."

Mr. Inkpin nodded graciously. "Good," he said. "Good, good, excellent. I 'm delighted you like it, my dear. Now what about a little kiss as a reward?"

Blossom hastened to obey. She swooped round the table in a rustle of green silk and slid in a practised fashion on to Mr. Inkpin's knees. "O, my lady and light of my universe," he murmured, cribbing shamelessly from Kipling. "Your eyes are like stars."

They were, too. Blossom had rarely been happier. She giggled fondly. "You naughty thing—you 're tickling! Give over!"

Mr. Inkpin did not give over. He knew when iron was hot for the striking. Blossom giggled again. On the table the diamond winked at them and the sherry sauce congealed round the culinary masterpiece from the Restaurant des Bons Gourmets. Normally this would have grieved Mr. Inkpin, but not now. "Whoops-a-daisy!" he said, and buried his face in the yellow hair which reminded him of vanilla ice-cream.

BLOSSOM had gone home. Not because Mr. Inkpin wanted her to, but because Mrs. Crunch had come in to collect the dirty dishes, talking volubly about last buses and late nights at the same time. Mr. Inkpin was frightened of Mrs. Crunch. He had bowed to the inevitable and taken Blossom away in a taxi. Now he was lying in his divan bed, considering the pleasant and remarkable events of the evening. With Blossom's departure, the fog of war had cleared and he found himself able to consider the finding of the diamond analytically. It had not taken him long to come to a conclusion. Maximilian Porteus was the culprit. The diamond, Mr. Inkpin felt sure, had not buried itself in the *Tournedos Archiduc* by accident: no gem-fancying chef had allowed it to slip unnoticed into the sauce cauldron. No, the diamond was there on purpose, and the purpose was the evasion of Customs duty. In other words, the detestable Porteus was a smuggler. This discovery pleased Mr. Inkpin. It placed Mr. Porteus in the palm of his hand—a word to the police and Maximilian would find himself paying a monstrous fine and facing the prospect of year after year of stone-breaking on the bleak moors of Devonshire, hard by Pentonville.

Having considered Mr. Porteus in the palm of his hand, Mr. Inkpin went on to think about the matter more carefully. He had endeavoured to part Blossom from the diamond before he left her,

(*Continued on page* 62)

The pain in his arm was urgent. Mr. Inkpin thought with crystal clarity. "I 'll marry you," he said.

Are M.P.s

Too Privilege-Conscious?

Privilege—A Valuable And Necessary Institution
—Is Valuable Only When Used Sparingly

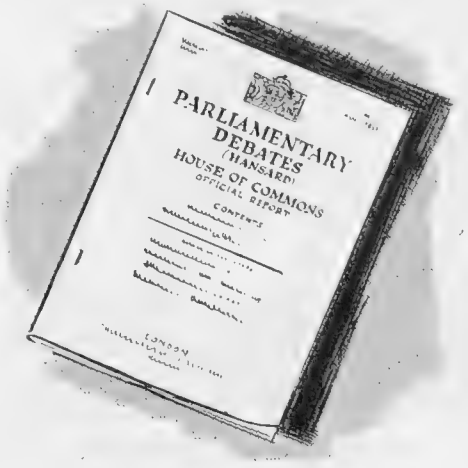
By Guy Livingston

AFTER Parliament's reassembly this month many Members will be crossing the road to the House under the white-gloved protection of a policeman's hand. Thus specially safeguarded through Westminster's teeming traffic, they will be enjoying their right of freedom of access on their way to the nation's business—just one of the time-honoured privileges of a Peer and a Member of Parliament.

Parliamentary privilege, and its use and abuse, have lately claimed a lot of attention. When, at the end of last session, the Committee of Privileges dealt with allegations about the obstruction of a Member by the police and the partiality of the Deputy Speaker, and Parliament itself considered a statement by a newspaper-man about cigarettes supplied to the House, it was being generally asked whether privilege-conscious Members were not tending to invoke their ancient rights too readily—and this even though in two out of these three cases breaches of privilege were established.

This trio, coming in quick succession, is the latest of a run of cases whose frequency has noticeably increased since the war. Said a *Times* leader (August 1) on the subject : "During the two Parliaments since 1945—and particularly during the past year—more and more members of the House of Commons have sought to use privilege as a weapon by which to restrict the free discussion of political issues." Whether M.P.s are growing more touchy or whether in fact their rights are being more often infringed, the general conclusion seems to be that, while Parliamentary privilege is a valuable and necessary institution it remains tolerable only when properly and sparingly resorted to.

What exactly is Parliamentary privilege—this body of rights accorded exclusively to Peers and M.P.s? What, in the way of powers and freedoms, have our law-makers got that we ordinary citizens outside Parliament have not?



Basically, British Parliamentary privilege (literally, private law) consists of freedom from arrest on civil charges, freedom of speech within the House, power of jurisdiction over the House's proceedings and power to punish contempt.

The purpose of these traditional and very comprehensive rights is, of course, to enable the legislator to get on with his job as unrestricted as possible. Actually, freedom from arrest (which is not applicable in criminal cases) does not nowadays amount to much, especially since imprisonment for debt was abolished some eighty years ago. But in the days when men could be clapped into jail for a number of civil offences it was a freedom worth having. To-day it absolves M.P.s from civil arrest during the session and for forty days before and after.

FAR more valuable to modern M.P.s is the privilege of freedom of speech. It allows them to say with impunity anything, provided it is relevant and not tediously repeated, about anybody outside the House. Such liberty of utterance extends to *Hansard*, Parliament's official record, and—by custom, at any rate—to newspapers reporting Parliamentary proceedings. As Sir Alan Herbert has put it, if a Member were to say in the House—and Hansard and the Press were to print—that the editor of (*Continued on page 70*)

Almost lost in the white Arctic desert this meteorological station at Churchill, in the Hudson Bay area, is one of many in the far

Birthplace Of The Weather

There are gaps in the chain of stations set up in the Arctic by meteorologists whose reports play a vital part in Britain's weather forecasting. But they are being filled in this summer

By Frank Illingworth

Snow reaches the roof of a weather-station at Baker Lake, in sub-Arctic Canada

LAST preparations are being made to fill in the gaps in the chain of meteorological stations that span the Arctic. Aircraft fitted with long-range fuel tanks will take off this summer to push the Weather Chain to within 650 miles of the North Pole, for the more links there are in this chain the more reliable will forecasting be throughout the Northern Hemisphere.

The prevailing winds of Europe are from the west and the south-west. Thus a change in meteorological conditions in Greenland or Iceland is often reflected by a sudden change of weather in the British Isles and the countries of northern Europe.

The Arctic is, so far as we are concerned, the Home of the Weather, and the extension of air transport has necessitated the creation of a chain of meteorological stations to within 600 miles of the North Pole.

The value of weather-reporting from the Arctic was increased by the formation of the International Meteorological Agreement. Under this Covenant weather reports are broadcast daily in an international code for the common benefit of all participating countries. Up to early in 1950, Soviet participation under this scheme was something of an unknown quantity. There were occasions when the Russians played their part, broadcasting in the tongue of international meteorology. And then, for no apparent reason, Soviet meteorologists would revert to their own code. But early in 1950 the Soviet again came in line with their neighbours of the North, and at the time of writing this co-operation is being maintained.

The history of meteorology in the Arctic goes back nearly a century. In the early days of polar exploration the study of the weather was haphazard and inadequate.

north sending out regular weather reports in an international code

Meteorologists at an Arctic outpost release a radio-sonde balloon to record weather data

Against the glaring white snow a meteorologist reads the speed of the wind

We knew no more than that the storms of the Arctic could be exceptionally heavy, that the cold was sometimes intense, and that the weather was liable to sudden and violent fluctuations.

The advent of radio made the operation of meteorological stations in the North practical. And early this century expeditions were sent northwards through the ice floes to establish permanent weather recording bases in the Arctic.

The development of air transport necessitated their extension.

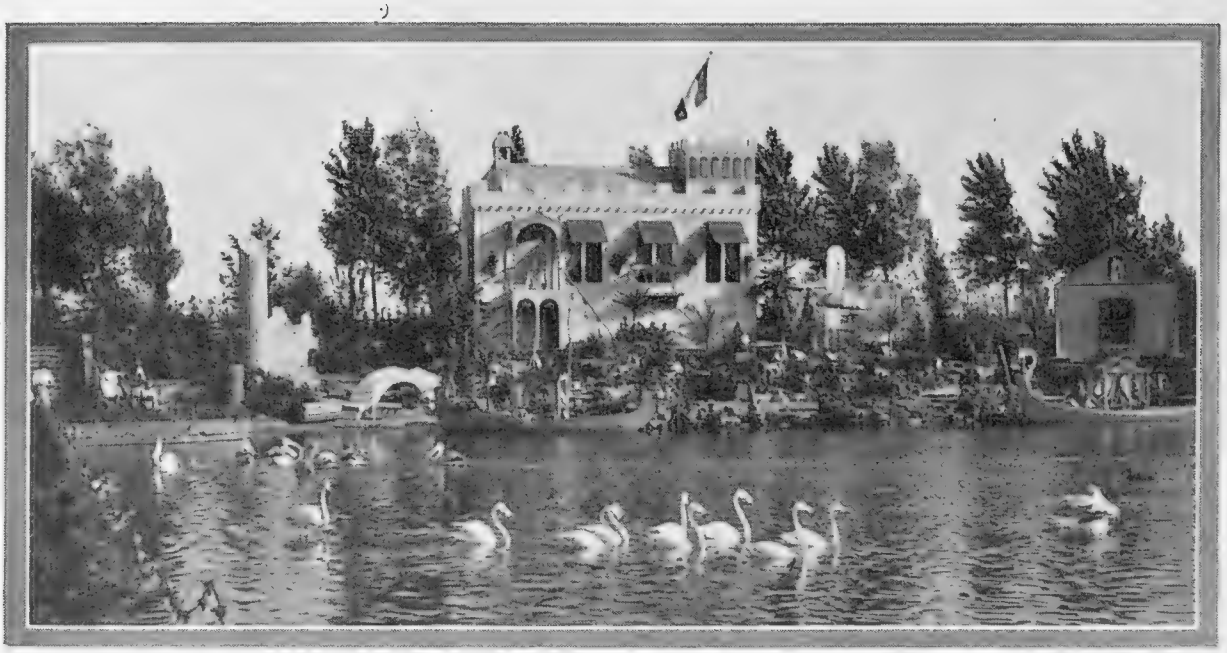
The Russians maintain a network of weather stations from Kamchatka and the Bering Strait along the polar shores of Siberia and European Arctic Russia to Murmansk and Petsamo. They also have stations in Franz Josef Land and Novaya Zemlya, situated in the midst of as heavy sea ice as can be found anywhere, and at three known points in the Norwegian archipelago of Spitsbergen—at the mining settlements of Barentsberg, Grumant and Pyramid.

The Russians have on several occasions established meteorological stations manned by three or four men on the pack ice of the Polar Ocean itself and there are reports that the Russians are receiving meteorological data from robot weather stations planted on the ice floes that drift along Siberia's northern coast and westwards across the Polar Ocean.

The Norwegian network is equally extensive. It extends along the coast of Norway northwards to Bear Island, thence to Spitsbergen, across the ice floes to the island of Jan Mayen and along the east coast where they link up with the Danish network in Greenland.

A regular meteorological service has been maintained in Greenland since 1872. At first, the weather stations were situated only on the west coast. There were two reasons for this: the masses of off-shore ice, and the lack of permanent settlements, at that time an essential to regular meteorological observations. But with the establishment of a settlement at Angmagssalik in 1894, and then at Scoresbysund, stations were built at the east coast, and when additional stations became necessary settlements were established for the sole purpose of maintaining meteorological stations. To-day, the Greenland network extends along both east and west (*Continued on page 72*)

A section of coastline on Ellesmere Island, near Cape Norton Shaw, in northern Canada



Flamingos and pelicans on the lake at Alphen-on-the-Rhine, which is within easy access of Amsterdam, The Hague, Haarlem, Leyden and Utrecht

A Paradise For Birds

A Dutch Business Man Conceives A New Idea In Pleasure Gardens

By Ferdinand Tuohy

DID it ever occur to you that humans would love to stroll about in a vast bird park more like a sanctuary than an aviary, on the friendliest of terms with its plumed and winged guests, many of these strolling, too, and all of them seeming to enjoy the breath of freedom?

No; that novel idea with more than a whiff of a winged Whipsnade about it (but a Whipsnade compressed within wholly accessible compass) came to nobody before it was gradually borne in upon Gérard van den Brink, a Dutch milliner by calling, who had never given a thought to birds nor to ornithology until a day in 1947 when he and his wife went for the week-end to friends who had acquired two brace of pheasants, half to admire them, half for breeding purposes.

Van den Brink is a big, florid, near sixty-year-old, whose twinkling eyes behind rimless glasses and crinkled forehead hint at a mind restless with ideas, yet another of which he had as he gazed down at the four pheasants; an idea the fruit of which has turned out to be Holland's greatest surprise success for years and will to-morrow be seen around the world.

Human beings like looking at birds. Human beings are happy in the presence of birds. Arrange so that birds are happy in the presence of humans—and you've got something!

It may not have come altogether, of a sudden, like that. But the germ undoubtedly did, the germ that led van den Brink to the invention of a new form of pleasure gardens which he calls an Avifauna. Among the first to join him was Johannes Noordzij, ornithologist at Rotterdam Zoo. He said: "You will assuredly succeed, because what you are undertaking has never been attempted before."

Yet all that transpired at first was the purchase of two peacocks and some mandarin ducks, with which Mynheer Brink opened his own bird breeding in the garden of his property at Alphen-on-the-Rhine. His wife thought it wasn't a bad thing for her husband to develop a hobby after so many years of hard application, and she only began to get fractious—also a trifle anxious—when her man progressively dropped all his other activities, business as well as social, in order to concentrate on bird catalogues and learned treatises on ornithology..

And when he wasn't doing that, he was writing to Africa, India, South America, the South Seas, enclosing considerable sums against the delivery of more and more bird specimens; so much so, that the villagers began "talking." What could have come over their hard-headed van den Brink? Here was a man who had amassed £350,000 over a period of twenty years, from a little hat shop launched on £70; (*Continued on page* 84)

Penguins enjoy the artificial waterfall

Bird watching at the Avifauna

In The Line Of Duty

Sixty Passengers Were In His Charge As The Giant Stratocruiser Winged Her Way Eastward From New York To London

By John Marsh

"MR. CRAWLEY, I want you to hand over your briefcase," he said, speaking slowly, deliberately, as if to a child

LATIMER'S first reaction to the message which the radio operator had handed to him was bitter.

"It would happen to me!" he thought miserably, and stared out into the deep blue of the night as the giant Stratocruiser winged eastward.

He looked at his co-pilot, and wondered what Pratt would say when he learnt there was a madman aboard. Perhaps he had better keep him in ignorance. Pratt could not help, and, being an impetuous type, he might by some action make a difficult situation desperate.

He crushed the message into his pocket, reached for his uniform cap, nodded at Pratt and went aft. The radio operator caught his eye and Latimer wondered how much he had passed on to Burton and Anderson, the engineer and navigator. But neither of the latter even glanced up as he went through the pass door into the forward cabin with its eight armchair seats and rich blue carpet.

Exchanging a smile with a little boy, the only passenger still awake, he opened another door, went along a gangway past the dressing-rooms and entered the midships cabin with its twenty-four seats. Not all the seats were occupied, and he knew that several passengers had berths and would already have retired to them, unless they were in the snack bar on the lower deck having a last drink before turning in.

Outside the pantry, where one of the stewards was preparing coffee, he halted.

"Which is Mr. Crawley's seat?" he asked, looking into the pantry.

Hawkins, the steward, thought for a moment.

"Mr. Crawley, sir? Ah! Yes, that will be the little dark gentleman who didn't want any dinner. He's got a seat right at the back, sir. He should have had his wife with him but she didn't turn up. So the seat next to him's empty."

Latimer's lips tightened. So to ensure an impregnable position Crawley had booked a seat right at the back and had seen to it that no one sat next to him. He could not, therefore, be taken in the rear or from the side. And in front of him would be the stewards' station, rarely occupied.

"Master Crawley thought this out very carefully," Latimer mused, and added venomously, "Blast him!"

He hesitated. What should he do? Should he go to Crawley's side, slip into the seat beside him and say conversationally:

"Oh, Mr. Crawley, they've wirelessed from London that you've got a bomb in your briefcase and that you mean to blow us all up."

Or should he wait till the fellow fell asleep then creep up on him and . . . ?

But—good God, the man would never drop off to sleep. He would hold himself ready for any eventuality. No! Better to talk to him quietly. But where?

He went back to the steward again.

"Hawkins, I want a private word with Mr. Crawley," he said. "Give him my compliments and tell him to come out here for a minute, will you? We could use your pantry."

Hawkins frowned, no doubt thinking this an unusual request. Then he pulled himself together.

"Very good, sir!" he said and departed.

Latimer waited impatiently. He was not really surprised when the steward returned to say that Mr. Crawley said he preferred to talk to Captain Latimer in the cabin.

"All right," Latimer said, and went into the dimly lit compartment.

THE aft cabin, running half the length of the fuselage of the huge Stratocruiser, contained twenty-eight seats. The lights had been dimmed and Latimer, peering down the long, tunnel-like cabin, saw the little hunched-up figure at the back.

He could feel Crawley's eyes on him as he walked between the seats. One or two of the passengers spoke to him but he ignored them. He must not be diverted from his unpleasant task now.

Crawley was lolling back in his chair, a wary look on his pale, narrow face. As

Illustrations by Wynne

A SPLIT second before something struck him on the head and launched him into a pit of stygian darkness

Hawkins had said, the seat beside him was empty, but when Latimer would have slipped into it, Crawley shook his head and his eyes narrowed. His hand moved meaningly in his jacket pocket. Got a gun! Latimer thought and stood beside the empty seat. When he spoke no one could hear what he said outside a radius of a few feet.

"Mr. Crawley, I want you to hand over your briefcase," he said, speaking slowly, deliberately, as if to a child.

The man's lip curled.

"What do you take me for?" And with a short laugh: "I suppose you've heard from London?"

"I have!"

"There's no message for me yet—from my brother?"

There was a sudden eagerness in the hoarse, strained voice.

Latimer ignored this.

"You're a fool, Crawley, if you think you can get away with this! What's the idea?"

Crawley shrugged.

"How much did they tell you?"

"They said you'd arranged for a message to be delivered to the airline company saying that, unless your brother was released, you would blow this plane up before it reached London. Who the hell is your brother, anyway?"

Latimer felt offensive so he spoke offensively. He saw the narrow face close up, the bleak eyes narrow.

"My brother's called the Joker. Does that mean anything to you?"

Latimer knew then. In two days the Joker was due to hang for murder. He had been christened the Joker because of his grim sense of humour. On a recent occasion this had led him to gag his victim, whom he had just robbed of jewellery and furs, and thrust her, brutally bound, into a small cupboard. The unfortunate female had suffocated. The Joker, who had been a bit careless over fingerprints, had been sentenced to death for murder.

"What good is it going to do you blowing up this plane?" Latimer asked, lighting a cigarette with great deliberation. "Incidentally, aren't you forgetting you'll be blowing yourself up as well?"

Crawley's smile seemed to tighten his lips, nothing more.

"The Joker is my twin—my identical twin," he said, and his voice was so calm, so matter of fact, that a shudder went through Latimer. "If the Joker dies I want to die as well. It's been like that with us ever since I can remember. But perhaps you won't know what it's like

being an identical twin. The Joker's me and I'm the Joker. We're like one man in two suits of clothes."

Latimer looked round. It seemed fantastic that this conversation could be going on 30,000 feet above the Atlantic with nearly sixty passengers unaware that at any moment they might be launched into Kingdom Come.

He met the sleepy stare of a girl sitting a few seats away. She was looking back over her shoulder as if his conversation with Crawley had wakened her and she rather resented being disturbed.

He recognized her as one of his V.I.P.s, Miss Caroline Timperley, daughter of the Home Secretary. By her side, deep in slumber, was her fiance, English cricketer Edward Blake. Blake, after a successful season as captain of Surrey which had placed them at the top of the Championship table, had been in the States visiting Miss Timperley's American relatives. They were to be married in six weeks' time, according to newspapers Latimer had read.

Crawley followed the direction of Latimer's gaze. He grinned, a mean, sour grin which didn't change the temperature of his cold, mad eyes.

"Miss Timperley's father will be thinking my proposition over just now, eh?" he said. "He won't like to think of his lovely daughter disintegrating over the Atlantic! Very fond of her, or so the gossip writers are always telling us."

"You knew Miss Timperley was on this plane, didn't you?"

"Sure I did! What do you take me for? Do you think that cold fish, Sir Percy Timperley, would have considered anything but his own reputation and job if his own feelings hadn't been involved? Believe me, captain, it's all been very carefully planned. I saw the Joker in prison a week ago and we arranged that I should take this plane from New York to-day. My brother told the prison governor when we were well out over the Atlantic. I also left a message for the police to be delivered at the same time, so there should be no mistake. If my brother isn't given a reprieve and put on a plane for Eire, where you'll land me, I'll blow us all up. Listen!"

Latimer, as the other advanced the briefcase, distinctly heard a monotonous ticking. He frowned. Was it all bluff or was the fellow really carrying a time bomb in that case? Yet if it only turned out to be an alarm clock he couldn't risk his passengers' lives by calling Crawley's bluff.

He tried further reasoning.

"But what's to prevent the authorities wirelessing that your brother's been released and flown to Ireland to meet you so that you'll let (*Continued on page* 78)

Banqueting in London To-day

Public Dining In Private Rooms

By Gordon Beckles

The great banqueting room at Grosvenor House which can dine 1,500 guests at once

Lord Jowett sat next to the French Ambassador and his wife at one of the famous Circus Luncheons at Olympia

NOT so long ago the word "banquet" evoked pictures of barons of beef, turtle soup, boar's heads and ten courses served on solid gold plate.

"A sumptuous entertainment of food and drink," were the Oxford Dictionary's words for it.

To-morrow's dictionaries will have to amend this definition in light of what has happened in the past ten years.

A "banquet" to-day has become the generic word for any meal served in a private room in a hotel. Once upon a time a dinner in a private room had an air of naughtiness about it. It was there that villains in novelettes entertained the innocent heroine.

Then came the second World War and the subsequent ban on any meal costing more than five shillings. The loophole offered was that if you took a private room you could continue to eat as much as your purse and your patriotism would allow.

The general disruption of domestic life also led to a run on private rooms. What were in effect Cabinet meetings took place in hotel private rooms. The King and Queen more than once dined and wined in hotel rooms.

Four years ago the Government, deciding that "banquets" did not march easily with "austerity," put a ban on any gathering of more than 100 diners.

The end of that ruling was foreshadowed by one of the most farcical banquets ever staged. It was held in an appropriate atmosphere of clowning at the opening of the Bertram Mills circus at Olympia.

The affair was preceded by the usual lavish offering of cocktails and apéritifs. Then the Lord Mayor, Mr. Attlee, several members of the Cabinet and Mr. Strachey—then Minister of Food—led the distinguished company to the tables. Here was the customary wide choice of wines; magnums of champagne were opened; liqueurs and cigars followed. But the only food served in between were the legally permitted small sandwiches and *petit fours*!

Shortly after this exposure of an absurd ruling the ban was rescinded and the phenomenal spread of dining out in public continued.

It is indeed a phenomenon of social life to-day, a form of escapism, and a forum for the working off of frustrations through oratory in congenial surroundings. (*Continued on page* 80)

Principal guests at the Savoy dinner given by the Automobile Association in honour of one of its founder members, Mr. John Amery-Parkes—Sir Pierson Frank, vice-chairman of the A.A., talks to Mr. Amery-Parkes on his right, while Mr. Alfred King-Hamilton examines a copy of an early motoring photograph

"Gad! A deuced pretty wench!" mused the Earl of Sandwich, passing a hat-and-gown shop in fashionable Covent Garden early in the 1760's.

THE EARL AND THE MILLINER

With illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

"GAD! A deuced pretty wench!" mused the Earl of Sandwich, passing a hat-and-gown shop in fashionable Covent Garden early in the 1760's. The little milliner who caught his eye was indeed sweet seventeen, and possibly trilling a merry air to herself as she arranged the hats, for she had a charming voice and was fond of singing.

The Earl, a hard-bitten man in his forties, was so captivated that he lost no time in making the acquaintance of Martha Ray, stay-maker's daughter and apprentice newly come to Tavistock Street from Clerkenwell.

"You are wasted in that shop," he said. "You must permit me to see to your education and have your voice properly trained. 'Tis a beautiful voice, and I am partial to music."

He not only made her his protegée. He persuaded her to leave the shop and installed her as mistress of Hinchinbroke, his home near Huntingdon. The little milliner was enchanted. Why not? This was *romance*—and escape from the humdrum. His lordship, more than twice her age, might not be particularly handsome. He walked with such a shambling gait that a wag once said of him: "He is walking down both sides of the street at once." When he offered his Paris dancing-master personal service in London, that worthy replied: "I should take it as a particular favour if your lordship would *never* tell anyone of whom you learned to dance!"

When he discovered that she was merely mistress, he pleaded ardently : " Leave this house, I beg you ! Come with me, and marry me ! "

But was he not John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, notorious Whig-hater, astute politician, and —among other exalted offices he had held — First Lord of the Admiralty ? True, he was still legally married to Viscount Fane's daughter Judith, who had brought him an income of £1,000 a year, borne him six children, and seen much of her fortune squandered. True, he had figured in a number of scandals. . . .

The " monks " of Medmenham, on the Thames, for example : Sir Francis Dashwood, George Selwyn, Wilkes, and the rest of that orgiastic brotherhood. That "black mass " at which Sandwich rose to invoke the devil and Wilkes let loose on the company a black baboon decorated with horns and hoofs. His frenzied fear when it jumped on to his shoulder and he rolled on the floor, begging the devil not to take him to hell—until someone laughed and he knew he had been the butt of a joke. Henceforth he was Wilkes' bitter enemy.

Horace Walpole had said of him that he had " an inveteracy, a darkness, a design and cunning in his character, that stamp him for a very unamiable young man." But what did the pretty, head-turned Martha know of these things ? All she knew was that he undoubtedly loved her, would do anything for her—well, almost. He drew the line at first, for instance, at too close a familiarity with his fashionable friends ; she must remember her place.

But sweetly she sang at the Hinchinbroke musical parties and Christmas oratorios. Even the ladies liked her ; the men—of course, this side idolatry. She was a delightful if informal hostess. She bore him a son, Basil, then other children—nine in all, though only five survived infancy—and was a good mother.

That might have been the end of a reasonably " happy ever after " story if, when she was in her ripe mid-thirties, Ensign Jack Hackman of the 68th Regiment of Foot hadn't come to Huntingdon recruiting, attended a local ball, and there met the Earl, who befriended the lonely young officer and invited him to Hinchinbroke.

How many fateful meetings have had for background the ballroom, with its intoxicating music and glamour ! On his frequent visits to Hinchinbroke he fell madly in love with his captivating hostess, and it made no difference that she gently repulsed him and kept him at arm's length. When he discovered that she was merely mistress, he pleaded ardently : " Leave this house, I beg you ! Come with me, and marry me ! You have no true position here. He is too old for you. I love you, Martha, I love you ! "

His wooing was hopeless from the start, though he could not see it. Suddenly this infatuated young soldier did an astonishing thing. He resigned his commission and decided to take orders and become a clergyman. Did he think that an impecunious priest would find more favour in her eyes than a penniless officer ? Was it a grave gesture of devotion to touch her womanly compassion and soften her heart ?

Evidently he had some unsettling effect on her, for one day she tackled Sandwich about her irregular position, as mistresses are prone to do with the passing of the years. What security had she for the future, and for her children ? " I have been thinking," she said, " of accepting an engagement offered me at the Opera. I should get a fee of £3,000 and a benefit which would help me to start a new life."

The Earl reassured her of his love and concern for her and—suspicious now of Hackman's behaviour—engaged a duenna to watch over Martha, much to the younger man's annoyance. After taking orders he still pursued her. Even when he obtained a living at Wiverton, Norfolk, and could not see her as frequently, he refused to give up hope.

She fell to the ground in her fine silks and jewels, shot through the head.

Hackman was committed to the Tothill Fields, Bridewell, by magistrate Sir John Fielding, then to Newgate.

For more than a year he brooded on his thwarted love. Then, fearing that Martha had lost interest in him and perhaps found other admirers, he suddenly left his parish, came to London in a desperate mood, and found lodgings in Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane. Sandwich and Martha were now living in town; by some means, or chance, he would see her again, and perhaps . . . perhaps . . . who knows, if only he could talk with her, make her see that without her his life was empty, his heart broken?

Fate decreed that, sulking in a coffee-house on an April evening of 1779, he should see her pass in her carriage with a woman friend to see *Love in a Village* at Covent Garden. Irresistibly he followed her to the theatre, saw her and an Italian singer, Signora Galli, joined by three men, friends of the Earl. A happy, gallant party, forsooth! A radiant Martha Ray, enjoying all the attention and admiration bestowed on her in that fashionable throng. Look, now. Did she not coquette with one of the men, the Irish Templar, Mr. Macnamara? Was he, then, her new lover?

Inflamed with jealousy, the Rev. James Hackman hurried from the theatre, back to his lodgings—to pocket two pistols he kept there. He was now a man out of his mind, blinded by an obsession. He called at the Bedford coffee-house for a drink to nerve him, then waited outside the theatre for the performance to end. *End, end, end.* Would it never end? Was it going on for ever. People jostled him in the darkness. Still he waited.

At last Martha emerged, laughing, with the gay throng under the portico—and Macnamara beside her to hand her into her carriage. It had been an amusing play; she was happy. As she was about to step in she felt a pull at her sleeve, turned, saw the demented face of James Hackman, then . . . darkness. *Love in a Village* had become death in the night. She fell to the ground in her fine silks and jewels, shot through the head. All was instant confusion, uproar, as Hackman turned the second pistol on himself, fired with shaking hand, only grazed his scalp with the bullet, then beat his head frantically with the butt until a Mr. Mahon, Covent Garden apothecary, wrenched it from his hand, while other bystanders seized and held him.

He was taken to the Shakespeare Tavern near by to have his wound dressed, cursing the pistol that had failed to kill him. Martha's limp body was carried there too. "Is she dead?" he raved. "Is she dead?" Told that she was, he said brokenly: "I pray that her poor body be not displayed to the multitude." At about midnight Sandwich, to whom word had been sent of the tragedy, arrived in a frantic state. There was no doubt of the genuineness of his grief, nor of his love through nearly twenty years of domestic intimacy. His passion for the little milliner had been the dominant one of his chequered life. Others mourned by her body: the Duke of Queensberry, and George Selwyn in long black cloak reaching to his heels and funereal slouched hat.

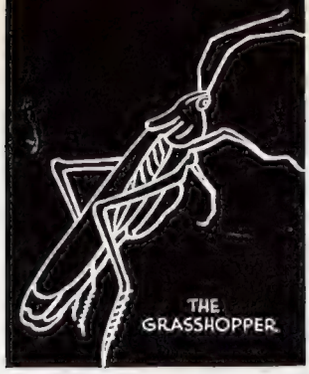
Hackman was committed to the Tothill Fields, Bridewell, by magistrate Sir John Fielding, then to Newgate. On him two letters were found—one to Martha, expressing his undying affection, the other to his brother-in-law, Frederick Booth, beginning: "When this reaches you I shall be no more," and confessing that the loss of Martha's love had driven him to madness: "May God Almighty bless you and yours with comfort and happiness, and may you ever be a stranger to the pangs I now feel! May heaven protect my beloved woman and forgive this act, which alone could relieve me of the misery I have long endured!"

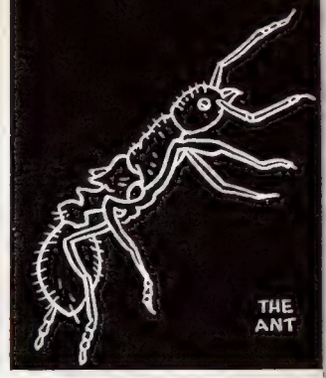
At his Old Bailey trial he pleaded from the dock: "While I acknowledge, with shame and repentance, that my determination against my own life was formal and complete, I protest that the will to destroy her who was dearer to me than life was never mine until a momentary frenzy overcame me."

After he was sentenced to death Sandwich wrote, generously offering to use his influence to try to save him, but Hackman replied that his only wish was to die. "Oh, my Lord," he concluded, "when I meet her in another world enable me to tell her (if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both, and that you will be a father to her dear infants!"

Boswell, who had attended his trial, accompanied him to Tyburn, where he prayed earnestly and showed no fear. Martha was buried at Elstree, where she had maintained her parents in comfort and her widower father still lived. Her eldest son became a noted barrister, Q.C., Accountant-General in Bankruptcy, and friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth and William Godwin, so the tragic little milliner who was so pretty and sang so sweetly had not lived and loved in vain.

ARNOLD WAREING.





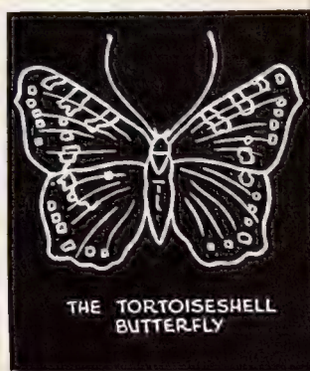
Drifting Days

By Cecily Morrison

BEFORE the yellow-green ivy I stand, still and silent, watching the tiny flies dart and dance, as if making the most of this, the last of the year's playtime.

Ivy is the last of the season's flowers to support insect life, and as the lights fade from the shiny leaves with the setting sun, it is as if I am watching the year ebb slowly through my fingers, to trickle away into the grass yellowing at my feet. And as a chill descends with the dusk, the flies disappear beneath the leaves, hiding themselves perhaps for the last time before the frost stills their dancing for ever.

During past weeks, as the days have turned from golden to grey, I have watched the insects planting eggs, weaving cocoons, seeking shelters to carry their species through the winter. For (*Continued on page* 76)



HE was sticking a cartridge into the one empty chamber when the door opened and shut, leaving Hettie inside

CALL ME HETTIE

A Short Story

By George Beardmore

AS dusk fell a shabby Ford drew up between lamp-posts in one of the de luxe avenues lying at the back of Brighton and a man got out. He was young and looked in need of an all-round dusting. Nobody was about. The bitter January wind made him huddle a too-long overcoat round his legs as he crossed the road and walked down an entry between gardens marked: FOOTPATH ONLY—NO CYCLISTS.

A long yellow Delahaye was waiting under the trees. A woman in a ponyskin clicked the door open. She was heavily scented, wore tight golden curls and gave an overall impression of the brassily beautiful. She said: "All right?"

The man said: "Back seat. Quick." He was slim enough to curl under the rugs of the floor.

The car slipped down the street and the woman asked: "How did it go, Hatch?"

"Just as we planned."

"Did you get it?"

"Everything."

"Seymour?" The woman asked again: "Did Seymour get clear?"

"Clear away."

"You sound queer."

"Try a stick-up yourself and see what it feels like."

They turned into a main road, crossed it, entered side streets heading north. "You're right there. I don't know why I'm mixed up in it." She got no answer. "I'm taking no chances on a cordon. Up here there's a lane only used by flivvers and milk floats."

She drove like a man. Her confidence and the manner that went with it were her chief hold over him. Owning her made him feel he'd found everything he'd ever wanted, even though she could give him fifteen years. She was the first to show him he couldn't always make it on his own. He allowed that she kidded herself as much as the rich she soaked, making a living, but even so, she was *somebody*. She was class.

At the junction with the Brighton Road a policeman stood his bicycle across the track and held up his hand. So they'd thought of that lane, too. She murmured: "Wait for it, Hatch," and pulled the car to a standstill. She turned down the window and a helmeted head pushed itself inside, looking. A deep Sussex voice said:

"Police check, ma'am, if you please. Driving licence, insurance certificate and identity card."

At once she opened up with the insolence expected of wealth and beauty. "But good heavens (*Continued on page* 56)

CHIASTOLITE — "THE FAIRY STONE"

INDIAN MOSS AGATE NATURAL FERN DESIGN

"INSECT" AMBER

Puzzle Gems

By G. Bernard Wood

IN 1947 a Burmese gem-digger unearthed a remarkable ruby. It contained a profile "portrait" closely resembling the head and headdress of some Egyptian deity! As befitted the occasion, the native set up a pagoda, or temple, near the site of his find (Mogok) as a mark of personal gratitude to Buddha. This juxtaposition of two entirely dissimilar deities is not the least entertaining feature of the story.

I was reminded of the incident on visiting Mr. Kenneth Parkinson, F.G.A.—a professional gemmologist in the north of England, whose collection includes many such oddities. He delights in them, and is perhaps the only English gemmologist from whom students can obtain specimens for examination.

"Inclusions" is the technical term used to describe the mysterious "pictures" and other curious formations that sometimes appear in precious stones. A cold, scientific reason for their appearance is the western world's contribution to this fascinating subject; but it will take much more than modern science to dislodge the native superstitions and beliefs which the "inclusions" often arouse.

Mr. Parkinson put a "pagoda stone" in my hand. A small, white gem it was, enshrining in its depths the milky form of a pagoda. These stones are common in Burma, where this specimen was found. Because the Lord Buddha is thought to have actually planted the temple within the stone, this made a suitable offering to the Temple of the Tooth—the famous shrine at Kandy, Ceylon, named (*Continued on page 74*)

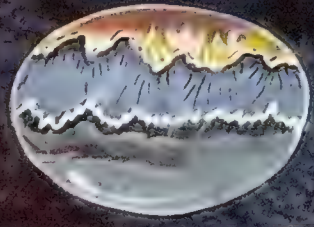
MOSS AGATE

"OWL-EYED" ONYX

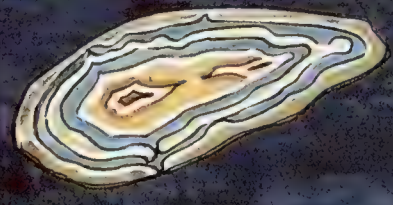
A SHIELD BEETLE

"CAIRNGORM" FROM SCOTLAND

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCARAB



AGATE SHOWING SUNRISE OVER A RANGE OF MOUNTAINS



POLISHED "FORTIFICATION" AGATE

Josephine's Love Affair

A Man's Best Friend Is His Girl Friend's Dog

By Jossleyn Hennessy

IT was at a cocktail party that Mervyn gave in his suite at the Cecil Hotel in Delhi that Josephine and he fell in love with each other. They were so open about it that everyone was sympathetically amused, including Sarah who had brought Josephine, but excluding General Bill Sandwith who had brought Sarah. Mervyn's manner towards Josephine at once attracted Sarah's interest and gave the General the feeling of intensified alertness that he experienced when patrols reported contact with the enemy. I don't say that, from the moment of Josephine's entry, Mervyn neglected his other guests. He did not. He filled empty glasses and had a word for everyone, but it was to Josephine's side that he invariably returned.

The day had been sweltering and even now after dusk the thermometer outside was around ninety-five degrees. Nobody enjoys the Indian hot weather, but Josephine stood it worse than most. She arrived suffering from heat exhaustion and went straight to Mervyn's air conditioner, scrambled on to a chair and thence on to the grating which let out the cooling air; there she turned over on her back, closed her eyes, and lay with her legs in the air, her paws turned limply down.

"Josephine!" Sarah reproved. "Get off at once."

"Oh! Let her be!" Mervyn laughed. "She's only doing what we'd all do if we had the intelligence, and the figure, of a dachshund."

When she had cooled off, Josephine's first move was towards the cocktail snack table. She could have inspected its contents by putting her forepaws on the edge, but she was too good mannered for that. She merely sat on her haunches next to it and looked in Mervyn's direction with the expectant reserve of a guest waiting to be pressed. Mervyn was in attendance at once.

"How about this?" he asked, offering her a cheese biscuit.

The sad polite sigh which Josephine heaved with her whole body showed that she did not care for cheese biscuits.

"I'm afraid there's not much choice," Mervyn said. "I don't suppose you'd like an anchovied olive?"

Josephine swallowed the olive with a single movement. Her unwavering gaze deep into Mervyn's eyes said: "Are there, by chance, any more?"

Mervyn gave her another. Josephine swallowed it without removing her eyes from his.

"Are you trying to mesmerize me?" Mervyn asked.

Josephine's tail responded to the friendliness in Mervyn's voice so delightedly that her entire behind vibrated like some fast-moving piece of delicate electric machinery. Mervyn set the whole plate down before her.

Josephine was putting anchovied olives away, two or three to a gulp, when the General whisked the plate from under her nose.

"How can you!" he said angrily to Mervyn. "You'll make her ill. That's not kindness. It's cruelty."

Mervyn was surprised by the General's heat, but he said good naturedly:

"Oh! Come now, Bill. Do you expect me to stop Mike Ferrers over there from having another gin because he'll regret it in the morning."

"Mike's different. Josephine is a dumb animal."

"I don't see what difference not being able to ask for it makes," Mervyn objected.

"Very clever!" Bill Sandwith was beginning sarcastically when Josephine set up such pitiable howls that everyone stopped talking and turned round. They saw the General with the plate in his hand, and they saw Josephine in the canine equivalent of tears.

JOSEPHINE swallowed the olive with a single movement. Her unwavering gaze deep into Mervyn's eyes said: "Are there, by chance, any more?"

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

"Oh! The poor wee thing!" said all the women.

And, this being a social occasion, with nothing important at stake, the men were ready to curry favour with the feminine majority; they deserted their own sex in a cowardly body.

"Was it a big, nasty man, *then*!" Mike Ferrers grinned.

There was a roar of laughter and the General weakly returned the plate to Josephine.

Because she was fond of Bill Sandwith, Sarah went over and rescued him. She understood why he looked so sulky at this moment. For weeks past, he had been proposing to Sarah and he felt a jealous proprietary interest in Josephine. Although he left Sarah's feelings untouched, she found much to admire and like in Bill. He might be a trifle dull, but he was honest and kind, and Sarah often felt lost and alone. After a brief, happy marriage, her husband had died, and she now found herself a childless, aimless widow. She had by no means yet decided not to marry Bill.

If Sarah did not know her own mind about Bill, Josephine did. She had a clear understanding of the things within her range of experience; she knew that she belonged to Sarah and she rejoiced in the fact, but while she was also predisposed in favour of Sarah's friends, she grew to hate Bill. He was always preventing her, for her own good, from doing things she liked (such as chasing cats and eating ice cream). She could not see that she owed Bill any obedience. What business of his was it what she chased or ate? The incident of the anchovied olives was the climax of Bill's impertinence. Thereafter, she avoided his insults by ostentatiously taking herself off whenever he called on Sarah.

Every evening, a hotel sweeper brought Josephine a bowl of scraps which he set in a corner of Sarah's room. Without haste, Josephine would rise, walk across, and investigate its contents in detail, with occasional snorts of annoyance or snuffles of approval. It was a purely ceremonial inspection because, since Josephine insisted on sharing Sarah's meals as well as those of any other sympathetic person available, she had no appetite for her own. But she had her dignity, and she considered it necessary to make sure that due thought had been expended on her menu. So after turning everything over with her nose, and, maybe, surreptitiously swallowing a scrap here and there, she would return with a "Well-I'll-let-that-pass-this-time" expression to the hearthrug and re-curl herself into a neat black and tan ball. In the morning, Sarah's bearer would put Josephine's untouched bowl on the back verandah for the sweeper to remove. By the time that the sweeper arrived, the bowl had been emptied by half a dozen cats. When Josephine discovered that this was happening, an absorbing interest was added to her life. She would remain hidden until all the cats had their backs to her and their noses in her bowl, then she would rush out on them; the cats would scutter down the verandah and Josephine would hide herself against their return. This was fun; but it was joy when one or more of the cats swarmed up the posts supporting the verandah roof. After a short spell of furious barking, intended to induce the greatest fear in the shortest time, Josephine wasted no further breath, but spread herself out, resting her head on one paw, in such a position that she could keep her eye on any cat up any post. A growl greeted the slightest enemy movement. If Sarah was busy, Josephine passed entrancing hours keeping cats up posts. On such occasions, the cats knew that they were post-bound until the melodious tinkle of the hotel restaurant gong released them. Josephine would get up, give a couple of "Class dismissed!" barks and trot off in search of Sarah and food.

On the day after Mervyn's cocktail party, Josephine had four cats up two posts with half an hour in hand before the seven thirty breakfast gong. Two of the cats, newcomers, perhaps, unaware that Josephine meant every growl that she uttered, became restive. Josephine advanced precautionarily to the foot of their post. Her exposed fangs gave her a business-like, sleeves-rolled-up air. But Josephine's move was a tactical error which left the way open for the other two cats to slide down their post behind her back. Josephine glanced over her shoulder. In a second all four cats were streaking down the verandah with Josephine after them like a one-woman tornado.

MERVYN got out of bed and strolled to the door; he stood on the threshold, leaning against the frame. The cool of the night lingered but the air was already breathless and soon tiny beads of perspiration down his spine warned him that the day was going to be another scorcher. Suddenly he heard extraordinary noises—metallic clangs, muffled squeaks, sounds of things ripped and torn. He looked all round but saw only a bare-foot servant padding along with an early morning tea tray, and the fountain playing into its pool. The noise grew louder and louder—right in his ear—a hollow roaring like the approach of an express train towards the exit of a tunnel. Mervyn started as

two dishevelled cats leaped from under his feet and shot across the garden like tracer bullets. He noticed, for the first time, that a drainpipe ran along the side of his door into a covered drain. Next to his ear, the pipe was reverberating more loudly than ever; within seconds an amorphous body scrambled out and stood shaking itself all over his doorstep. Mervyn made it out to be a dachshund bitch. Her muzzle protruded from a mass of filthy rags inextricably tangled round her neck. The rest of her was

covered in slime to which bits of egg-shell, straw and an assortment of other, unidentifiable, objects adhered. She stank to heaven. Frantically, she was working her forepaws over her ears in an effort to rid herself of the rags. the while she howled with impotent rage: "For God's sake! I can't see what I'm doing! Those damned cats will get clean away! Where am I? What's going on? To Hell with everything!"

JOSEPHINE leapt in and all over him, tom-tomming the leather seat with her tail

The dachshund paused for breath, recognized Mervyn, smiled up through her horse-collar of rags and wagged a muddy strip of tail at him.

"Why! It's the anchovied-olive-eater!" Mervyn exclaimed. "Josephine, my love! You look like a surrealist picture of Venus rising from the foam." And he gave himself over to helpless laughter.

Josephine spattered against Mervyn's legs, and jumped up at his waist, streaking a new pattern on his pyjamas.

Mervyn staggered back a pace.

"Hold hard, Josephine!" he gasped. "The shop that sold you that perfume palmed some old stock off on you . . . ! Here, let me pull your party frock off over your head and then you can jump in the fountain."

A quarter of an hour later, Josephine, fresh and sweet, was eating toast and marmalade with Mervyn; there was too much salt in his bacon for her taste.

In the next few weeks, Josephine eased Bill Sandwith out of, and Mervyn into, Sarah's life; she spent all her spare time in Mervyn's air-conditioned suite, so that when Sarah wanted her, she automatically looked in there first. Josephine refused to take her evening walk if Bill turned up, and she hid herself rather than accompany any outing that he organized.

Mervyn was attentive to Josephine. Every day, his work finished, he made her dive like a seal after her ball in the fountain pool; he taught her to growl for Stalin and salute for the King; and he devised new menus for her (mango ice-cream, sardines and peppermint drops—in that order—was her favourite). Josephine adored him.

Sarah began to see less of Bill partly because Josephine's attitude was so embarrassing and still more because she found Mervyn amusing and attractive. He was special correspondent of the *World*. He had lived in four capitals in three continents. He knew everybody from the Prime Minister downwards. And even if he had wanted to, Mervyn was incapable of resisting for long the flattering interest taken in him by a decorative woman whose liveliness of mind matched his.

One night, Sarah and Mervyn were dining and dancing at the Imperial Tavern. Lights were low; the band was alternately gay and sentimental. As the hours passed, they spoke less and less; the harmony of their movements spoke for them. Sarah had carefully weighed the pros and cons of marrying Bill, but in Mervyn's arms she floated in a rosy haze, thought engulfed by feelings. She knew that she was going to marry Mervyn. As she slipped from him at the end of a waltz, he kept her hand in his; a cold shock tingled between them and she knew that he was going to ask her that night.

It seemed to Sarah, on the star-lit way back to the Cecil Hotel, that she was speeding towards a new life.

"A nightcap?" Mervyn suggested, when he had parked the car.

She walked into his room with a happy smile, threw off her flimsy wrap and sank into an armchair.

Mervyn set a drink by her side. "You know, Sarah," he said, "I've fallen in love with you. You're the most distracting creature."

"Am I?" she whispered, a little catch in her voice.

He took her hands and drew her up to him so that she stood in his folded arms. Their lips met. With all her heart, Sarah surrendered to his kiss.

"I want you so badly, my darling," he murmured, his mouth caressing her ear.

Suddenly, Sarah felt that something was terribly wrong. She pushed him from her and gazed into his eyes, then she turned her head sharply so that he should not see that her own had filled with tears of humiliation. This was no proposal of marriage. She (*Continued on page* 80)

Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

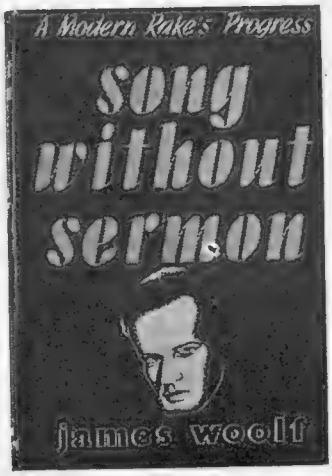
JAMES GLOVER dubbed actresses who married titles the "actressocracy of the stage proper—and improper," adding that the habit dated from the eighties "until which period coronets and callisthenics and the peer and the pirouetter were family *mésalliances*. But times have altered, and this social ostracism is now a thing of the past." In **"Chorus to Coronet"** (British Technical & General Press, 16s.), Horace Wyndham lists fifty-five who married into the peerage between 1722 and 1946 —three of them twice—and most belong to the past seventy years, more were probably unhappy than not. The moral of his brief marital biographies would seem to be: stick to the stage, and don't barter glamour for glitter. An entertaining, if superficial, survey, with portraits of the far from peerless beauties.

"OLGA POLOVSKI, the beautiful spy," gets a debunking in Kurt Singer's **"The World's Greatest Woman Spies"** (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.). Rarely, he says, are they lovely; often they are not even good spies. That applies to the legendary Mata Hari whose "jaw bordered on the prognathous," whose "flat breasts were pendulous and flabby." Yet she will be remembered when Mlle. le Docteur, Alice Dubois, Irma Staub, Louise de Bettigny, Maria Sorrell and others in this graphic collection far her superior are forgotten. Here the moral seems to be: spying on husbands is a safer occupation for women, if spy they must.

SISTER ELIZABETH KENNY'S spying was much more sensible. In the Australian bushland she spied on infantile paralysis cases, found that the "paralysis" was simply spasm of the muscles, and that they could be restored by heat treatment. **"And They Shall Walk"** (Hale, 15s.) tells of her fight for medical approval of her theory, and its fulfilment in clinical practice: an inspiring story humanly presented with Martha Ostenso's collaboration.

GAVIN BREND is another sort of spy. He has hunted through the Sherlock Holmes stories for clues and built up a plausible biography of the master-sleuth: **"My Dear Holmes"** (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.). When he was born, which university did he go to, where in Baker Street did he live, what *was* the Sherlock Holmes Agency, who was the mysterious lady who married him in 1902? Mr. Brend's speculations on these and other enigmas will intrigue those earnest fans who dithered dotingly about the Baker Street exhibition, or longed to.

IN projecting the story of the voyages of discovery of the ancient Polynesians in the Pacific, Sverre Holmsen has to rely less on historic detection than intuitive imagination fostered by intimate knowledge of the people. **"Singing Coral"** (Barrie, 12s. 6d.) is chiefly the story of (*Continued on page* 65)

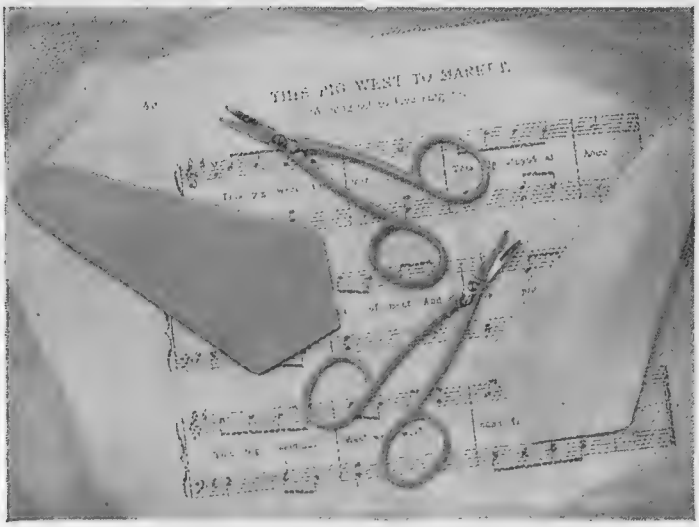


TRIBUTE TO WANDA

IN New York in '47 died Wanda Bartha, age thirty-eight, who had been devoted secretary and companion to Hungarian playwright Ferenc Molnar for fifteen years, and his wife Lili's friend. There was something of the saint about this staunch fellow-refugee, thirty years his junior, whom Molnar loved deeply and tragically missed.

His "notes for an autobiography," **"Companion in Exile"** (W. H. Allen, 15s.), are mostly an evocation in honour of her memory, written from the heart, probingly poignant. Every small trait of her he tries to recatch—the things she said and the way she said them, the stories she would tell of their life in Europe, especially in Venice and on the Riviera, and the celebrated people they met. His obsession even makes him dramatise psychic "talks" with her in the cubby-hole where she brewed his coffee, now made into a shrine to her spirit.

Such an act of faith disarms criticism. Whatever the surface artifice, one can only submit to its fundamental sincerity and say: here is a touching story of the heart, rare in literary memoirs; and, incidentally, much of revealing interest about the cosmopolitan theatre-world which was the background of their labours and friendship. Definitely a book to buy, not to borrow.



The Right Way To Do It

WHEN carrying a heavy shopping bag or case, lean the body over towards the opposite side and carry the weight with a crooked arm not a straight one. This relieves tension on the shoulder muscles and saves fatigue.

After a long day on the feet, either in the house or around the town, sleep with a bolster under your feet so that they are raised above the level of the body. Tiredness disappears sooner this way.

The perfect way to make the new Swiss wonder dish which is the current health fad—and a delicious one—is to put some ground oats in a dish, add grated apples, nuts, lemon juice and condensed milk or yoghourt. Allow it to stand overnight for the next day's breakfast.

Here are two opinions on the right way to clean your own jewellery, a Mayfair jeweller says use surgical spirit sparingly; a well-known actress says she treats her diamonds with toothpaste and a brush. Take your choice.

A talent for doing things the right way at the right moment is probably a better thing to have than riches. But since only a few of us were born models of efficiency and good timing the rest of us can only hope to pick up useful tips as we go along and to remember *them against the time when they may come in handy. This assortment of Right Ways may be useful to put in the memory file.*

Cutting a young child's finger nails is tricky, but the best way is to trim them straight across without corners and to do them with specially designed baby scissors (above left).

To keep precious pot plants in good heart while they are laid up for the winter, put them on their sides (above right).

Right way to save constant cleaning of metal and brass during foggy days of winter is to polish it first and then paint over with a transparent lacquer paint (below left). It can be removed easily when the drier atmosphere of spring makes the weekly polish-up sufficient again.

A simple little scraping tool (below right) provides the right and easiest way to ease swollen doors, sticking drawers and to smooth off those rough surfaces which catch your stockings and offend the eye. It costs 3s.

To make a good iced cocktail chill the glasses !

Hot chocolate sauce poured over any ordinary ice cream gives it instant glamour. For a dinner party you can buy the ice cream and make the sauce.

When the cap of a bottle refuses to unscrew get the nutcrackers. Tap the cap lightly with the handle of the crackers and then grip it between the jaws. It usually works.

If the neck and sleeve edges of woolly sweaters stretch after washing, the right way to tackle it is to run a single thread of machine elastic (matching colour of course) with neat stitches through the cast-on edges. Better done before the stretching starts though it will help afterwards.

Winter's Tale

If you would like to include any of these items in your cold weather wardrobe, write to us and we shall be happy to tell you more about them

Good sweaters and skirts are the basics of a winter wardrobe. Good news is that Pringle of Scotland have released some export designs for the hungry home market. This one in lambswool is approx. £4 10s.

For not-so-dressy evenings. Paneth's black taffeta skirt is gauged with velvet ribbon, £7 8s. 6d.; Estrava's geranium velvet blouse, 59s. 11d. Crayson's warm bottle green jacket, £11 15s. 8d., is topped off with a "forward line" bonnet in velvet. Jays, 21s.

Another Pringle lambswool cardigan, £4 10s., and odd pleated skirt, a good buy at 41s. 9d. from Jays. Comfort and good styling meet in Pringle's check knitsuit in angora and botany. Designs can be tailored to individual measurements. £22 to 25 gns.

A warm tweed suit in muted shades of check wool; equally attractive worn belted or loose. From Jaegar shops, £11 14s. 3d. Velvet beret, 21s. The principle of "one good dress" is covered with Susan Small's enchanting black silk velvet with its stiffened cuffs and collar. Approximately £17. Ruby velvet cap, 21s.

Party without Problems

Muriel Segal Discusses The Economics Of Parties On The Larger Scale

WHETHER one follows the social round or does one's entertaining in the modest fashion, there comes the moment when formal entertaining for some special occasion presents its problems. It may be a wedding, a coming-of-age or just the cocktail party which works off a growing list of people to whom one is as uneasy about owing hospitality as if it were money.

Giving a formal party of any sort with time and materials, not to say money, in short supply *is* an undertaking. The more so if one is inexperienced as, after years of austerity, so many of us are. In fact, it raises the question whether or not to hire caterers is a worthwhile measure when a formal party for more than a few people is concerned.

Let's look at the comparative advantages of laying on a party yourself and letting someone else do it.

In the first place, if you handle it alone you have to find seating, cutlery, glass, china, napery, food and drinks. You have to assess quantities (which baffles most people), and chance the inaccuracies which may prove very expensive. There is, of course, the work, the chaos and the anxiety to be added.

The advantages of the professional caterer are these: As soon as the date and the number of guests is fixed you get together with him to discuss the details of cost; what he is to provide at a given sum and the rest is his headache. He will provide all equipment, chairs, china, glass, food, drink, service and even flowers, cigarettes and a private car service if you need them and are willing to pay the extra cost.

But *what* will it cost? Naturally it has to be worked out in accordance with what is required and how much of it; whether the party is given in your own home or in hired rooms.

THE managing director of a London catering firm which varies its activities between a wedding reception for five hundred guests and a tea party in somebody's drawing-room says: "When they are considering a party of any size, inexperienced people nearly always underestimate the entertaining capacity of their own rooms. An average sitting-room will take fifty people without too much squashing." Few of us have time and resources to lay on a party for so many people unaided and in our own homes, but a caterer can and will do it with ease.

An average price quoted for buffet service is around six and sixpence a head. This includes equipment and service but not drinks. You can, of course, pay more, for a greater variety of foods. A butler to serve will cost an extra two guineas, an ordinary waiter thirty shillings.

As for drinks a caterer can estimate precisely how much will be required to serve a given number of people. If a limit is set on the amount to be consumed, an exact calculation of the cost can be made in advance.

This is where the party organized at home often gets out of control financially. The dashing, inexperienced hand at the bottle can play havoc with a strict party budget and makes a proper assessment of the quantities required almost impossible.

IT is a sound principle always to use a measure for pouring drinks. The standard measure—an optic which screws into the bottle or a hand measure—in common use is a Thirty-two Out. This pours thirty-two drinks from a bottle of whisky or gin. With this measure it is possible to estimate exactly how far the drink will go.

A Sixteen-Out measure is the correct one to use for pouring sherry. This allows a reasonable portion per drink and ensures that one bottle will serve one drink to sixteen people.

This sort of calculation and careful pouring helps to keep the cost of a party under control. Nevertheless, many people take the view that a caterer who will lay on the whole thing and even clear up the mess afterwards is worth while, and so far as costs go just about breaks even if the party is big.

Door furniture

Good door fittings are one of the eye-catching details of the home. At the top there are examples of wrought-iron front-door fittings and a bristol blue glass door handle as well as a convincing Perspex handle cut to resemble glass.

Gilded metal plates and handles in traditional designs are in the centre picture. On the left is a painted china door suite and a glass finger-plate with a flower design. More wrought-iron front-door furnishings are in the small picture above.

Wood in its True Colours

"MUHUHU ? Movingui ? "

" No : rauli, bubinga idigbo afara iroko." This is not, as you might suppose, Sanders of the River holding palaver with the Paramount Chief of the Osisi, but a scrap of dialogue which could be heard on any day between furniture salesmen checking over a consignment from the works.

These are the colourful names belonging to the woods which are being so widely used now for furniture. Though the familiar names—walnut, mahogany and oak—will still be heard, many others have come to join the great family of wood, and the beauty and variety of their looks promises to bring a very New Look to the home.

Between the wars, timber importers were already searching the forests of Europe, Africa, Australia, Asia and South America for timbers that might substitute or combine with the better-known ones of the furnishing world.

The reason for their adventurousness was not entirely due to problems of dollar exchange. The urge towards experiment and development has coincided with the virtual dying-out of Spanish and Cuban mahogany, of which so much of the lustrous furniture of the past was made. In addition, there is an acute shortage of walnut created from the demands of two wars, since this timber is used for rifle-butts.

These factors have, in the main, been responsible for the great search by the timber people for substitutes, with the result that we who go to buy furniture now find ourselves confronted with a variety of strange and frequently very lovely newcomers to the world of wood.

So, whereas the choice of a new suite of furniture would inevitably have lain between the three well-known timbers, you will now find yourself deciding between, say, bubinga or avodire.

Bubinga is a light wood, with a pinkish tone and a wavy marking. Its home is in West Africa, where avodire also hails from. This is a golden-yellow timber, sometimes wavy in its marking, sometimes beautifully mottled. The picture here of a chest of drawers in the " Festival " series designed by Henry James for Leslie Corke combining these two woods costs only £16.

BLACK bean is another attractive brown wood with a brilliant surface which designers are using a lot now for decorative effects. In many cases the furniture piece is mainly composed of one of the lighter-coloured woods, with the dark and lustrous black bean for contrast.

Agba, another African visitor, is a sort of dark-cream mahogany. Obobo, sometimes called Nigerian Silkwood because it resembles quilted silk, is a pale-faced beauty like mouringui (or ayan), a wood as yellow as citron, the figuring of which is reproduced as a background to these pages.

West Africa is the source of the Khayas, or African mahoganies, which have been in use for over a century. From there, too, come the so-called mahoganies—sapele (with its narrow " roe " stripe), pommele (the French name for " dappled ") and makore, or " cherry mahogany," often figured in narrow, dark lines. Many experts maintain that makore is the finest furniture wood produced in West Africa. One could go on with the list, but where all have points to recommend them one may be excused for only drawing attention to African satinwood, Chilian laurel, Queensland maple ; and lacewood, alder and cherry. One firm of manufacturers have been most successful with a wood that grows under (or rather, over !) our noses—the plane tree of London.

These novel figurings are re-educating us to appreciate wood in its true colours. We do not stain it or fake it or smother it in paint: so we must choose amongst this variety of colours and patterns, for these will be, more and more, the woods of the future.

When purchasing furniture, here are one or two tips. Look inside the drawers; if they are short, the maker is a cheese-paring type. Are the parts screwed, as they should be, or nailed? Examine the polish. If it is pockmarked, rather like orange-peel, it was sprayed on and not then "pulled over" by hand to give it a finish. Is the polish dark in the corners? If so, it is cheap work, for it costs more to get a clean finish at corners.

Try the keys; look at the legs of a chair to see that the grain goes the way of the leg; examine all wood for loose knots, for holes filled with putty, for these betray shoddy workmanship, and as often as not poor wood.

Do not despise the veneer. Veneering frequently indicates fine workmanship. Some of the loveliest figures can only be had in plywood veneers and are often more durable than the solid wood.

Never think of these fascinating newcomers as mere "make-do" for oak or mahogany: they are fine woods in their own right. CHRISTOPHER BETHELL.

The bedroom suite on the facing page is made in Peroba, a light timber with a wavy marking which achieves its full effect with flat, undecorated surfaces. The hand-made sideboard (above) is in black myrtle and the chest of drawers in a combination of Bubinga and Avodire. Yugoslavian beech makes the small sideboard on the left. Furniture by Heals.

Fine sewing has declined with others of the to improve modern standards of skill and

INTEREST in embroidery, a handicraft rich with historic and artistic tradition, is on a steady increase. Figures for attendances at classes and exhibitions, and sales of patterns, embroidery silks and cottons, all point to this. The war in some cases interrupted the serious study of embroidery work: one group dropped from a four-figure membership to 200 by the end of 1945, but is up to over 1300 to-day. In other cases its "escape" value added to its popularity in days of war strain. (A good example of this is a young naval gunnery officer, decorated for gallantry at sea, who told the writer of this article that when he left his temporary shore job and went back to service in the Atlantic he would at least have time to finish his set of four chair-seats.) Since the war such efforts as the Women's Voluntary Services Embroidery Export Scheme and the "tour" of her Majesty Queen Mary's famous carpet have contributed to the revival of enthusiasm in this age-old national craft.

What is being done to help to develop interest in this fascinating and absorbing subject to-day? Newcomers to the field may like to know of some of the existing organisations through whom they may obtain guidance and encouragement. There is the Royal School of Needlework (25, Prince's Gate, London, S.W.7), now sponsored by the Ministry of Education, which has far-reaching tie-ups with schools, colleges and clubs and other groups. The National Federation of Women's Institutes and, in Scotland, the Women's Rural Industries have through their handcraft sections done invaluable service in keeping village crafts alive, and in many cases have resuscitated certain types of work from what looked like total extinction. Great credit goes to them also for publicising the quilting of South Wales and Durham, and the smocking of the South and Midlands, to the benefit of our national traditions, as well as to the individual families who have often passed patterns down from generation to generation.

A BIG movement is afoot by the Needlework Development Scheme (89, Wellington Street, Glasgow, C.2), which has been stimulating ideas through recreational and teaching bodies and at the same time acting on comments from interested persons. This Scheme aims especially at developing the creation by good artists of first-rate *modern* embroidery designs. These are built up on research into traditional work in this and other countries, but are capable of being intelligently worked out either on a large scale by highly-skilled machine technicians or by individual hand craftsmen. The Scheme lends out collections of specimens of work and this year has celebrated the Festival of Britain by Touring Exhibitions of hand and machine-made embroideries. The beginner is drawn into the Scheme largely by a series of stitch booklets and bulletins, some in colour, showing just how to advance by easy stages from first stitches. These "Embroidery Bulletins" and "Embroidery Stitches" and other guides are obtainable from the National Development Scheme at prices from around 1s. per set.

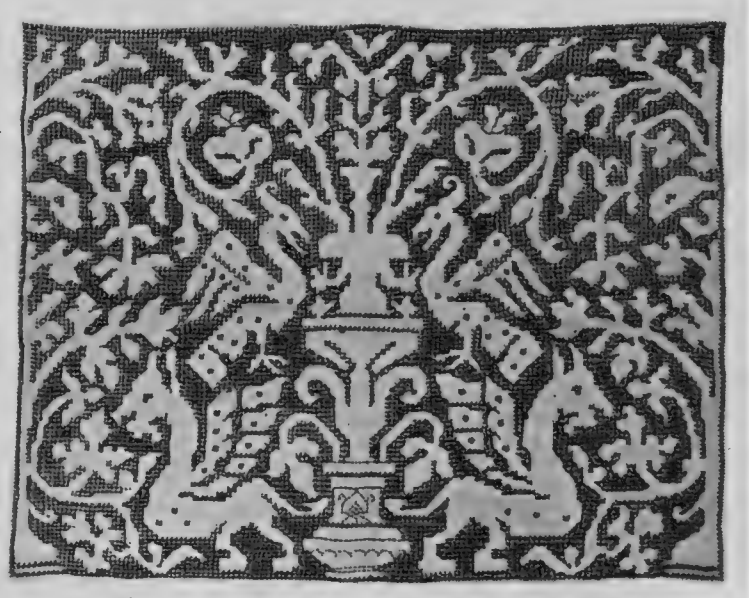
Outstanding help to the home worker from one special point of view is given by the Embroiderers' Guild (56, Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.), which is not only

creative arts, but there are people working to stimulate appreciation of good design.

doing advisory work, but is making available, both to Guild members and to the public, transfers of really good design. There are over 800 of these transfers in the Guild's library; some are direct reproductions of traditional patterns; others are based on the best of such patterns, and here the "best" when worked out seems advantageously to be the "quite simple." They can be obtained by members and non-members from the Guild at the modest price of between 6d. and 3s. each, or a folder of three will cost 5s. Economically priced, they are a tremendous advance on many popular patterns which may encourage the beginner but do not always satisfy those with a keener eye for good design and a genuine desire to carry on the old traditions of craftsmanship.

THE Embroiderers' Guild is a voluntary body, with an annual subscription of 25s. for London members, 20s. for country and overseas members, affiliated groups and schools, and 10s. for student members, which carries with it certain advantages. Members can borrow books from the library ranging from simple technical stitch books to illustrated historical books dealing with the whole story of the craft. Advice on stitching and criticism on work will be given to individual members; meetings, lectures and demonstrations are held; boxes of designs on durable architects' (glazed) linen can be lent out, giving aspiring embroiderers a view of the completed goods. Transfers for such goods can then be purchased. The Guild also publishes a small quarterly journal, *Embroidery* (2s. 6d.), which contains features on traditional work of many countries and guidance on practical work.

Embroidery, like all the other arts, is something which can be done by men, women and children, developing from the first cross-stitch mat of childhood to the finest petit-point and upwards. Besides its uses as a means of self-expression, as a therapy, or as the practical creation of something beautiful, those who master it are helping to carry on a national heritage.



Two pieces of work (right) by members of the Embroiderers' Guild. The Sicilian work (lower picture) is sewn with rose silk, the lighter portions of the design showing the natural linen background. This and the pulled-work above it typify transfer designs available through the Guild.

The Purdonium

IT was the coal purdonium that did it. For one thing, I hadn't the faintest idea what a purdonium was (nor, apparently, had the Oxford Dictionary !) and, for another, the catalogue described it as " handsome."

The chief advantage of ignorance is that it offers the adventure of finding out.

For, of course, the best way to find out what a coal purdonium actually was, was to go to the sale and see for myself. And I've been attending auctions ever since, for the simple reason that, once bitten by the Auction Bug, it is impossible to stop. Every auctioneer's poster holds the lure of an engraved invitation. Every catalogue reads like something from the Arabian Nights, wafting Oriental perfume to the nostrils of the bargain-hunter.

There is colour and excitement, beauty and elegance, even a touch of romance in the briefly-worded items :

LOT 49. *A pr. of fine Sèvres vases with pastoral figures in the Watteau style, having ormolu mounts with cherub handles . . .*

LOT 52. *A pr. of Crown Derby figures of a Gallant and his Lady, in period dress, with Candelabra supports on rococo bases . . .*

LOT 71. (Oh, the callous indifference of this !) *A ditto lot—" The Lovers."* And, of course, the *" handsome coal purdonium "* . . .

It couldn't, I thought, be a common scuttle. It was something unique, mysterious, imposing and rare. It had, of course, profound dignity—like a mandarin, portly and disdainful. I rolled the word about my tongue, richly. P-u-r-r-*d*-*o*-*h*-n-i-u-m. The music of it purred to the roll of drums and the clash of cymbals.

And thus it all began—in a provincial saleroom. I stood pressed against a wall, listening to the persuasive voice of the auctioneer as he led the bidding, wielded his hammer, extolled the merits or beauty of the lots and reproached his audience, in hurt tones, for their lack of appreciation—all of which, to my amazement, left them completely unmoved.

But I was inexperienced—they, perhaps, were not.

Had I been fortunate enough to glean a few tips from an old hand my junk-hoard, instead of my bank balance, would have been considerably reduced, and in case you, the initiate, are beginning to feel the nibble of the bidding bug, here *are* those few tips which will, I hope, insure you against financial insolvency and double your appreciation of what must be one of the greatest entertainments offered, free, anywhere in the world.

First, rid your mind of the idea that because something is being auctioned, it is necessarily a bargain. An auction is held, not to knock down things at bargain prices, *but to sell to the highest bidder*. Therefore, check up, before a sale, on the retail price of the article in which you are interested—and don't bid above it.

If you are beginning to feel the nibble of the bidding bug this cannot fail to amuse and interest you.

Points the Way

By Rona Randall

People do—they do, indeed! Especially women. I saw a member of my sex pay £22 10s. for a cuckoo clock at a recent country-house sale. It wasn't even antique. Its twin was obtainable in a local store for £6 10s.—and the one in the store was in working order.

Which brings me to a story—a true one. To prove a bet an acquaintance of mine purchased two small glass dishes, costing a shilling each. After washing and polishing them vigorously, he put them up for auction. They were knocked down to a "bargain-hunter" for 25s. each, giving him a profit, after the auctioneer's commission was deducted, of 22s. on each article, plus the pound he won on the bet.

But in case this story leads you to assume that auction sales are swindle sales (and the only person who can swindle you at a public auction is yourself!), let me hasten to assure you that in every sale there is at least one genuine bargain—but only experience can help you to detect it. If it is antique furniture you are after and, perhaps, have little knowledge of it, an infallible guide is to keep your eye on the antique dealers. Get to know them all, at least by sight, and you will if you attend the sales regularly. Watch what they bid for, and what they ignore. A dealer of repute only goes for the good, genuine stuff, and if he bids up to, say, £20 for an article, it will obviously be worth £21 or so to you, for he has to make his profit on the re-sale. Even if you are not entering into competitive bidding, watch the dealers just the same, for by this method you can get an idea of approximate values.

Of course, you may be up against the dealers' ring, but even this need not deter you. In fact, it can be an asset since it reduces competitive bidding. The ring, which is a collection of dealers who band together and appoint one of their number to bid solo on behalf of them all, is actually illegal, but it exists, nevertheless, in practically every sale-room. Its object is to obtain the best antiques at the lowest prices. While one representative is attending one auction, another is doing the same elsewhere. Later, the purchases are pooled and cash adjustments made. The practice, of course, is unpopular with auctioneers, but it is even more invidious from the point of view of the vendor.

At the actual sale, the auctioneer usually starts by offering what is classed as "the rubbish." This is not necessarily trash, but smaller and less valuable lots, often containing just that bit of pewter or copper you have been looking for for years. He commences this way to get the "feel" of his audience and to sense whether there is any big money in the room. After a few such items he will offer, as bait, something a bit better class—to draw out the money. Gradually he will work up to the really good stuff and, if it is an all-day sale, he will bring on a few more inferior pieces at about a quarter to one. In the afternoon the sale will

(*Continued on page* 82)

DAYTIME AND EVENING

Daytime Jumper.

BACK

Using No. 13 pins, cast on 124 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3½ ins.

Next row.—(Wrong side of work.) P. 2 tog., p. 2 (p. 4, inc. 1) 24 times. (147 sts.)

Change to No. 10 pins and continue in pattern thus:

1st row.—(Right side of work.) * P. 2, cross 3. (miss the first 2 sts. and draw the third st. through the 2 missed sts. and k. it, letting the loop drop in the usual way. Draw the second st. through the first st. and k. it. Lastly, k. the first st.) P. 2, rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—* K. 2, p. 3, k. 2, rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—* P. 2, cross 3, p. 3, k. 2 tog., wfd., k. 1, wfd, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, rep. from * to last 7, p. 2, cross 3, p. 2.

4th row.—* K. 2, p. 3, k. 3, p. 1 (k. 1, p. 1) twice, k. 1, rep. from * to last 7, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2.

5th row.—* P. 2, cross 3, p. 2, k. 2 tog., wtp. (wool twice round needle), p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, wft (leave wool in front of needle), s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 7, p. 2, cross 3, p. 2.

6th row.—* K. 2, p. 3 (k. 2, p. 1) 3 times, rep. from * to last 7, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2.

7th row.—* P. 2, cross 3 (p. 2, k. 1) 3 times, rep. from * to last 7, p. 2, cross 3, p. 2. **8th row.**—As 6th row.

9th row.—* P. 2, cross 3, p. 2, cross P. (miss the first st. and p. into the back of the next st. K. the missed st. and slip both sts. off pin together.) P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, cross K. (miss the first st. and k. into the front of the next st. but do not slip off pin, p. the missed st. and slip both sts. off together.) Rep. from * to last 7, p. 2, cross 3, p. 2.

10th row.—As 4th row.

11th row.—* P. 2, cross 3, p. 3, cross P., k. 1, cross K., p. 1, rep. from * to last 7, p. 2, cross 3, p. 2.

12th row.—As 2nd row.

13th and 14th rows.—As 1st and 2nd rows.

Continue in patt. thus until work measures approximately 13 ins. from the (*Continued on page* 68)

MATERIALS

5 ozs. Lister's "Lavenda" 2-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 13 knitting needles. To fit a 34—35-in. bust; length from shoulder, 21 ins.; sleeve seam, 5½ ins. Worked at a tension of 1 pattern (14 sts.) to 1¾ ins. with No. 10 needles.

Evening Sweater.

LEFT HALF OF BACK

Cast on 41 sts. with wool and No. 9 needles. Work pattern thus:

1st row.—K. **2nd row.**—P. Repeat these 2 rows twice more.

7th row.—Join in silver and p. all sts. with it.

8th row.—K. in silver.

9th row.—Using wool, * p. 6, wl. back, s. 1 purlwise, wl. fwd. Repeat from * ending p. 6.

10th row.—Using wool, p. 6, s. 1 purlwise. Repeat from * ending p. 6.

Repeat these 10 rows and at the same time m. 1 st. at end of next row (1st row of pattern and 11th row from start), and every 6th row after (same edge) until there are 2 ins. from casting on. Cast on 30 sts. at right edge of work while right side is facing. Continue increasing at shoulder until there are 10 silver rows completed from start. Now keep shoulder edge straight and at same time k. 2 tog. at other edge on every row for 16 rows. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are no sts. left.

THE WAIST (2 pieces alike)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 104 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2½ ins. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every row until there are no sts. left.

THE EDGING FOR NECK

Cast on with both types of thread and No. 11 needles and 6 sts. Work as follows:

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—K. twice into first st. K. to end.

3rd row.—K. to end, ending k. twice into last st. Repeat these last 2 rows.

6th row.—K.

7th row.—K. to end, ending k. 2 tog.

8th row.—K. 2 tog. K. to end. Repeat these last 2 rows. These 10 rows form the pattern. Repeat them for 28 points. Cast off.

(*Continued on page* 68)

MATERIALS

4½ ozs. Wendy "Family" wool 3-ply; 3 reels of silver thread or silk and 1 pair each of Nos. 9 and 11 knitting needles. To fit a 34—36-in. bust; length from shoulder being 19 ins. Worked at a tension of 7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

Winter Evenings

Rima's silver lamé, long-sleeved, short, classically simple with a detachable pleated net overskirt. With net skirt, about 38 gns., without about 26 gns. Susan Small's black or bottle velvet, *on the right*, £21

Stiff white grosgrain makes the full skirt, black velvet the bodice of Susan Small's topless gown with a long fringed stole. About £15 16s. A bluebottle taffeta, *right*, by the same designer has a superbly draped skirt and one shoulder drape. About £15 16s.

Warm and Healthy

A NEW attitude towards cold weather clothing seems to have developed during the last few years so that the alternative, "Shall I be warm and shapeless or chilly and glamorous?" is not the most depressing question of autumn.

The "warming" factor of any fabric depends to a great extent on its construction. It is not the yarn itself which is warm, but the air which is trapped between the threads, because still air is a bad conductor of heat and acts as an insulator between the body and the outside atmosphere. On this principle, a loosely woven garment is better than a tightly woven one, and two lightweight garments which trap a layer of air between them, warmer than one heavy one.

But the fact remains, winter clothes are bulkier than summer ones and many women prefer to wear summer-weight undies all the year round, rather than to feel and look "bundled up." There is no harm in this, if you can do so with a minimum of discomfort. There are some people blessed with a naturally rapid power of metabolic readjustment, who do not feel extremes of cold and heat, and they can go through the winter in bra and pantees without danger to health or comfort.

This natural "readjustment" mechanism can, moreover, be cultivated. If the body is swaddled in wool at the first nip in the air, it will naturally never have the chance to do any adjusting on its own. The result will probably be more, not less, susceptibility to the cold. So if the prospect of winter woollies for the next six months appals you, put them off for as long as possible and try making up the body temperature with warming foods and exercise. Cold doesn't do much harm to the body, so long as you are fit.

Don't lay aside dainty nylon undies with a sigh until next protracted spring. Nylon has an unjustly bad reputation, a legacy from the bad old days when parachute nylon was the only kind we ever saw. Nylon specially woven for clothing is quite a different proposition. Cellular and open weave nylon—nylon tricot, for instance—is of an open airy construction and compares in warmth and comfort to any other fabric of a similar weight.

Nylon stockings tend to be cold, merely because they are so fine, and if you wear your stockings for warmth, you will naturally prefer a heavy silk to sheer nylon, and lisle or wool to either! On the other hand few women complain of cold legs in the most wintry weather, which suggests that habitually flimsy covering in this part of the body brings resistance to cold.

Warm feet are important, however, not only to comfort but to appearances (there are more red noses due to cold feet than to anything else) but there are plenty of wool-lined shoes and well-designed bootees that make a compromise between warmth and elegance.

LAST TANS OF SUMMER

WHEN summer tan fades to dingy sallowness, no one is sorry to see the last of it. A lightening cream mask will hasten the fade-out and provide the complexion with a timely autumn tonic.

The lightening mask is creamy in consistency and contains Vitamin D, which has a regenerative action upon the skin. It whitens, stimulates and vitalizes all in the same action. The cream is smoothed onto face, neck and throat after cleansing with complexion milk. After ten minutes, it is patted off with tepid water and the skin finally braced with a mild astringent. The mask is a good preparation to have in hand, as it acts as a facial pick-me-up at any time of the year.

A skin tonic with bleaching properties will help to remove the last traces of summer tan. It is cool and refreshing to use; it gives a healthy glow to tired skins and tones the complexion back into its young look. It is an inexpensive facial tonic at 2s. 11d. and 5s. 5d.

Make-up for the cold

SKINS are often at their worst in winter for very good physiological reasons. Low temperatures have an adverse effect upon the circulation. Contraction of the blood capilliaries, for instance, causes the characteristic pallor of the "pinched with cold" look, while low temperatures tend to slow down the tempo of the circulation producing an unfortunate *rougeur* of the extremities!

These unflattering appearances can be mitigated by dressing warmly and brisking up the circulation, but the complexion, which is exposed to the rigors of the weather, will naturally react to some extent, however warm the body feels. While make-up will not compensate for the drop in the temperature, it will at least protect the skin and disguise some of the ill effects of the cold.

A greasy skin has, to a certain extent, a natural protection against cold weather troubles, but even so a foundation with good coverage will prevent superficial dryness which can produce roughness and scaliness even on an oily skin.

The dry or sensitive complexion suffers most in cold weather as harsh winds dry out still further the natural oils in the skin and a protective, emollient foundation is necessary if the skin is not to chafe and dry. Some otherwise normal skins react to abrupt changes of temperature—the face flushes or burns when entering a warm room from the cold outside or vice versa—but a cool, soothing foundation will help to minimize these sensations.

A new foundation seems to make an excellent all-round winter make-up base as it unites most requirements for most skin types. It can be used equally well as a protective foundation on dry or greasy skins, as there is no undue greasiness, nor any tightening of the skin when it is applied. On the dry skin it acts as a light emollient; on the oily skin its good coverage provides adequate protection. Finally, its cool freshness will help to sooth the sensitive tissues which react to abrupt changes in temperature.

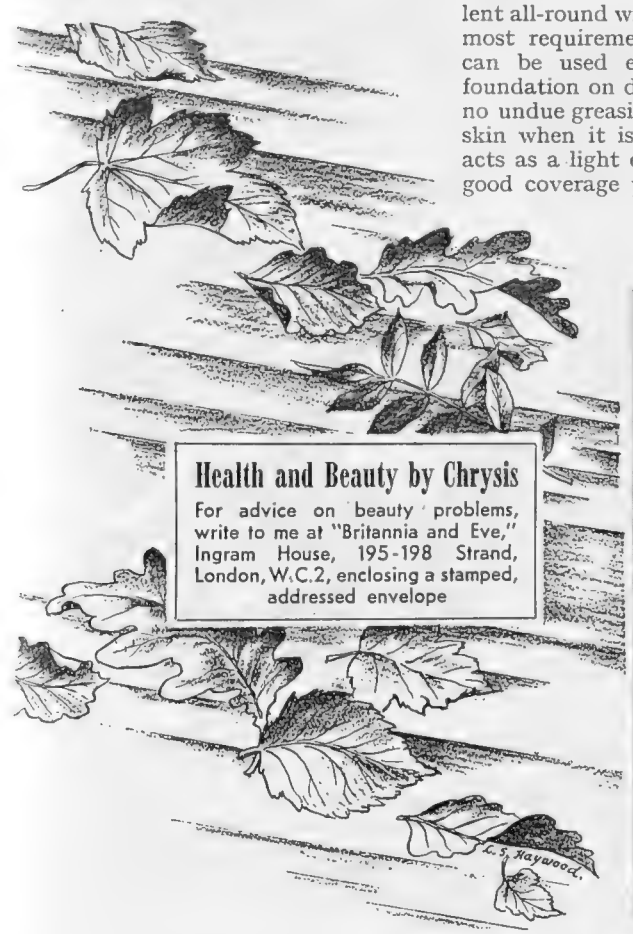
Extra dry skins will need the added protection afforded by nightly massage with a super rich skinfood. A new homogenized skinfood provides special aid for the dry, tender complexion. As it is most inexpensive for its high quality—2s. 9d. a jar—it can be used as lavishly as it should be. Roughened and chapped skins can be soothed and healed with a new healing lotion, which incidentally is excellent for chilblains and chapped hands.

THE correct *type* of preparation will take care of the condition of the skin. The correct *shade* of make-up will disguise the unflattering colour changes which occur in the skin during a cold spell. A tinted foundation will give warmth to pale cheeks and tone down a high colour. The right shade can deepen the face powder shade and give the third dimensional quality of a healthy glow.

Fortunately all these colour qualities are present in the new foundation already recommended for its protective properties. It is made in four velvety shades to suit different skin tones.

The colour rule for winter make-up is to use warm tones rather than cool ones. Pale powder will not disguise a red nose, but only turn it bluish. A warm toned make-up all over, with a touch of rouge in the right places will make a successful camouflage. A face powder blended to tone down florid complexions will take care of over-pink patches.

If cold weather brings a suspicion of blue to the lips, subtle camouflage with a slightly blue-red lipstick is more successful than trying to hide it with an orange-red shade. Complete the winter make-up with a touch of waterproof mascara to accent the eyes without danger of smudging.



Health and Beauty by Chrysis

For advice on beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

WOMEN'S WARD

By PHYLLIS MILLS

March 8

Postcard from hospital tells me to report on Tuesday, accompanied by items beginning with a toothbrush, and ending with a friend to take away clothes. Husband says that he will act as friend, and I begin to calculate a hundred things to do before Tuesday.

March 11

Arrive at hospital to find waiting-room full of new intakes and relatives. Sit on bench next to stout female who gives details of endless operations. She is, however, cheerful, and assures me that, after first few days, all is fun and games in surgical ward. Feel very unlike either.

Ultimately we go up in lift. Hospital is bright and cheerful. Company has, by some mysterious means, been reduced to three. We are led to small room off ward, and sinister details like religion are asked for. Sign depressing form giving consent to removal of whatever may be found necessary.

Am shown own bed, and look at small space allotted to me with bewilderment. Told to get into bed quickly, and husband can say good-bye. Ward is long and sunny, and full of flowers. Four women in dressing-gowns are dispensing tea; much talking and laughing. Effect is gay, and I feel better, though husband seems to have taken my personality away with him.

He refuses to say "Good-bye," but "Good afternoon," which I like no better.

Nice patient appears with tea and sandwiches, just in time to ward off bout of self pity. Pulse and temperature taken by charming nurse. Learn that operation is not until Thursday. Wish it were now. Get out of bed and offer to help taking round bowls and removing flowers. Busy until nine o'clock bedtime.

Cannot sleep. Overpowered by presence of twenty-one other women many of them snoring. Kind Scots night sister brings me hot milk. Go to sleep a very long time after this; not at once as she expects.

March 12

Awakened before five by washing of patients. Ask if I may have bath. Request evidently considered slightly eccentric, but am shown private patients' bathroom. Spend oddly enjoyable day, as wardmaid. Husband comes with flowers. Convinced I shall never see him again. However, am overhauled by extremely attractive woman doctor after tea who says I am remarkably fit generally, and should otherwise have been tiresome emergency in small hours, later on.

March 13

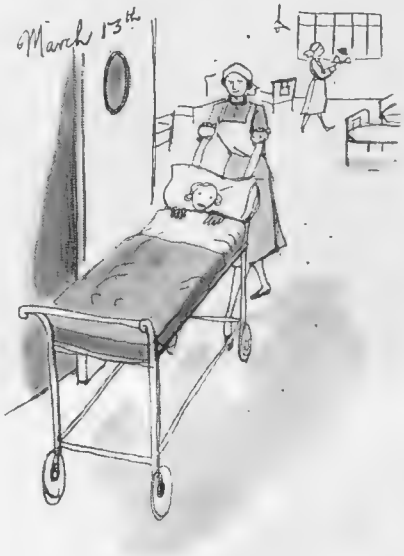
Four of us refuse breakfast, and take refuge in staff bathroom, where cannot see other people eating fishcakes. Cheered to find that we all have widows' peaks, which should mean our survival. Collected by staff nurse just as I am being told enthralling private life details of fellow patient. Put into operation gown, and prickly socks. Am thankful need not follow general example and remove dentures. Hypodermic makes me feel pleasantly muzzy, but effects wear off during long wait. Am fetched at last. Chorus of "Good luck, love," very heartening. Manage to smile and wave. Nurse leaves me with brisk assurance that I shall be all right, in annexe of theatre. Smell of ether, and sounds of chinking instruments come through door. Think of "Look thy last on all things lovely," and then laugh, recalling this as last adjective to apply to local town. Woman in green overall darts out of theatre, and asks if I feel all right. Say yes, I have just thought of something funny. She says she is delighted to hear it, and goes back. Anaesthetist comes out next; cheerful young man with Northern Ireland accent. He pats me kindly, and gives me injection in vein of arm. He tells me to say when I feel dizzy, but I do not tell him this, or anyone else anything for the next ten hours.

March 14

Tangle of pain, morphia and kind nurses. Am not sick for which I am very thankful. Inform woman doctor that I have been a fool to have merely precautionary operation. She laughs, and says that pain will get better, and worst is over. More morphia. Wake up with pain receded enough to interest myself in choosing library book. Look with pleasure at flowers sent by brother. Sleep again. Night staff come on, and violent rheumatism sets in. Both knees hurt immoderately. I am reluctant to mention this, but kind nurse asks what is the matter, and produces more morphia, and will ask doctor for tablets. Sleep all night.

March 15

Pain gone and tablets given for rheumatics. Find that one operation has been left over until Monday, as mine took longer than (*Continued on page* 82)



Figuring It Out

"HOW much did I spend to-day? What was the bill at the grocer's? No, surely not as much as that!"

Most housewives can be heard putting these questions to themselves as they count the day's costs, vaguely striving to add it up, wondering where the money went, railing at the cost of living and wondering what to do about it.

It begins in the morning when she goes out with a shopping list not quite complete. Let us call it a list of essentials; but before she gets back home the purchases have outstripped the list, with the inevitable result.

If you suggest keeping accounts, she will reply that it won't make things cheaper. It won't, of course, but it will make the money go further and (this is a bold statement) it will help to *save* money.

Perhaps you have tried household accounts and it didn't work. But what *sort* of accounts and for how long did you keep them? Accountancy is anathema to many women, but I should like you to study the easy way of doing housekeeping accounts because I am convinced that they are worth keeping.

Let's do the thing methodically:

First write out a permanent "Master Shopping List." That is, a list containing *everything* you regularly spend money on in the home. All the things in fact which have to "come out of housekeeping." From bread to bootpolish, from carrots to matches. Write it on strong paper because you will constantly have to refer to it.

Before going shopping, take out your master list and, from it, decide what you need and make up your current shopping list for that day. In this way you simply can't forget anything and you will find that you seldom have to go to the kitchen to find out if you are out of this or that. You know pretty well, for instance, if there is enough flour left, but, without the master list, you might forget about flour. If there is anything you are not sure about, you can easily check up.

LEAVING your master list at home, shop according to your current shopping list and avoid, if possible, being tempted by things not on the list: *That saves money*. Curiously enough, there will soon be no need for you to write down then and there, on the list, what you are spending in each shop. You will get to remember it because your mind will be conditioned that way.

Write down those costs on your current shopping list on coming home, or soon after and *keep* that list.

At some convenient time, perhaps when you do the "weekly accounts," transfer the amounts, item by item, from your shopping list to a simple accounts book which you can easily make up yourself, as follows:

Take some large sheets of paper, bind them together in a cover and rule up each one in squares about half an inch in size. On the left, and going down, write dates and days of the week. Along the top, enter all the items on your permanent master shopping list. (See model; there are only a few items there, but you can put down anything you see fit, of course, and in the order that suits you best.) Then, enter in the square corresponding to the date and the item, the amount you have spent that day (by reference to the current shopping list you have not thrown away).

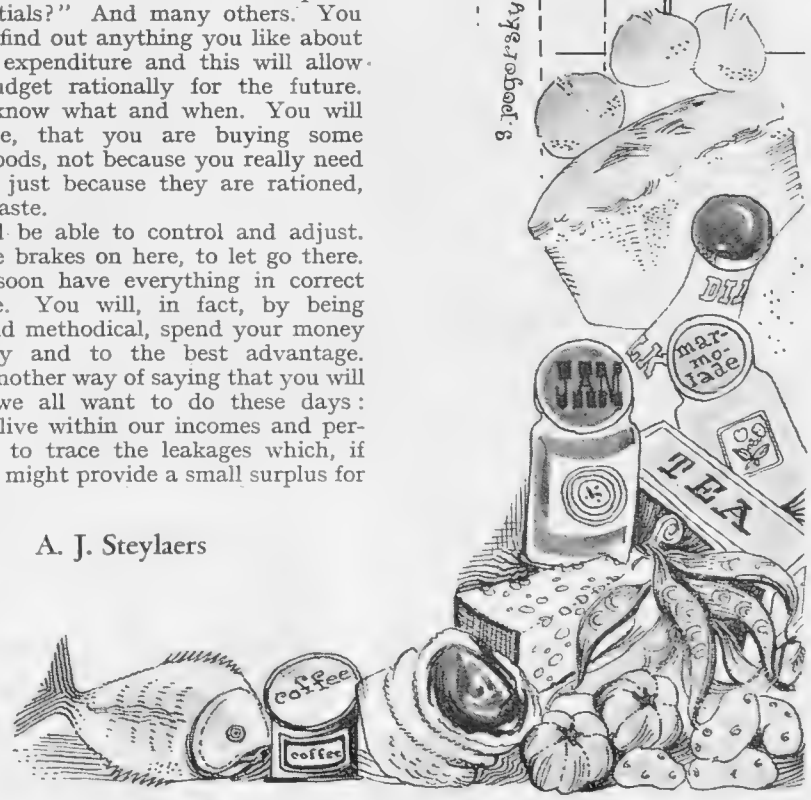
At the end of each week, total *down* all amounts for each item, then, total *across*, from left to right, and this will give you what you have spent on everything that particular week.

THE advantage of this method will become strikingly apparent after a few weeks, more so after some months. Looking over your accounts book quietly, one evening, you will make a number of very interesting discoveries. You had no idea you spent so much at the greengrocer's; that the laundry cost so much; that, for instance, "in our small household we drink a pound of coffee a week, regularly as clockwork." What is more, this will give you the answer to those puzzling questions: "Where does the money go?" "Are we spending too much on casual small luxuries as compared with essentials?" And many others. You will easily find out anything you like about your past expenditure and this will allow you to budget rationally for the future. You will know what and when. You will see, maybe, that you are buying some rationed goods, not because you really need them, but just because they are rationed, which is waste.

You will be able to control and adjust. To put the brakes on here, to let go there. You will soon have everything in correct perspective. You will, in fact, by being sensible and methodical, spend your money intelligently and to the best advantage. Which is another way of saying that you will do what we all want to do these days: that is to live within our incomes and perhaps even to trace the leakages which, if controlled, might provide a small surplus for savings.

A. J. Steylaers

DATE	Bread	Buns & Cakes	Flour	Milk	Fats	Jam & Marmalade	Sugar	Meat	Fish	Vegetables	Fruit	Tea	Coffee	Cocoa	Cheese	Cleaning materials	etc. etc.
1957 OCTOBER																	
Monday 1																	
Tuesday 2																	
Wednesday 3																	
Thursday 4																	
Friday 5																	
Saturday 6																	
TOTAL FOR WEEK																	
Monday 8																	
Tuesday 9																	
Wednesday 10																	
Thursday 11																	
Friday 12																	



Spinach Croutades

Liver Fritters

Winter Cookery

THERE are still some who scoff at the scientific methods of increasing vitamins in our diet, but perhaps they fail to realize how much, consciously or otherwise, our forefathers studied the necessity of using certain foods for health. It is because of the lack of these in our diet today that vitamins in a bottle have become a real need.

Potted vitamins are of immense value where we cannot provide enough otherwise, but much money could be saved and much energy maintained if we studied what foods to use during the winter months, and chose ways of cooking which do not destroy their virtue.

These recipes show how good vitamin value can be introduced in everyday cooking.

The Savouries

Spinach Croutades

Wash and pick over spinach and steam it till tender. Strain well and put through a sieve and season. Cut out rounds of bread about 4 ins. across. Cut out centres about 2 ins. wide with smaller cutter. Fry rounds in hot fat till golden. Reheat spinach with a little margarine and milk. Strain away any moisture. Fill rings with spinach. Garnish with rounds of hard-boiled egg. If making a whole meal, accompany with cheese cutlets and garnish with watercress.

Ham and Egg Toasts

Take about 4 oz. minced ham. Mix with enough parsley sauce to make a creamy mixture. Spread on rounds of wholemeal bread with a poached egg on top. If eggs are not plentiful a few grilled mushrooms or sardines instead.

Spanish Eggs

Cut top off small round dinner rolls. Scoop out centres. Brush inside with milk and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Break an egg into each. Fry in deep fat, basting frequently. Serve with braised onions and rolls of bacon.

Braised Celery Cheese

Prepare celery and cut in strips. Fry in a little fat, together with 2 or 3 finely chopped shallots and one finely sliced carrot. Add enough water nearly to cover vegetables. Season. Cover pan. Braise till vegetables are tender. Use the vegetable stock to make a white sauce. Arrange vegetables on fireproof dish. Pour sauce over. Sprinkle with brown crumbs and 2 oz. grated cheese. Crisp under grill. Sardines can be used to accompany if liked.

Liver Fritters with Vegetables

Mix together about 4 oz. minced cooked liver or liver sausage, 2 finely chopped mushrooms, a teaspoonful chopped parsley, pinch of herbs and a squeeze of lemon and a tablespoonful wholemeal breadcrumbs. Season, form into little cakes. Prepare ½ pint frying batter. Immerse liver cakes in batter. Fry in hot fat, folding batter round as they cook. Fry a finely sliced onion at the same time and steam some spinach and cook a few sliced carrots. Arrange fritters on a dish on bed of carrots. Garnish with parsley. Strain and chop spinach. Mix in onion and serve in a separate dish.

Liver and Spinach Salad

Cook about 1 lb. of spinach. Drain well and press out water. Chop very finely. Season. Add a cooked onion shredded finely and a few capers. Mix in a cupful of minced cooked liver or liver sausage. Press into a mould and leave

DISH OF THE MONTH

WHEN game is in season a bird can be made up in a number of excellent ways that make a luxury dish when friends are coming or for lesser occasions, portions of rabbit can be substituted in many of the recipes. A Salmi is a good way of making a bird serve several people and this is how to prepare it.

Braise the bird (either grouse, pheasant or guinea fowl), cooking rather lightly. Take 3 sliced shallots, a diced carrot, 2 or 3 sticks of chopped celery and 6 stoned olives,

Brown Bread and Apple Pudding

Wholemeal Cinnamon Cake

Vitamins

by HARRIET MUIR

to set in frig, or cold place a few hours. Turn out. Surround with finely shredded cabbage and watercress. Garnish with hard-boiled egg or grated raw carrot and chopped parsley. Serve with french dressing.

The Sweets

Brown Bread and Apple Pudding

Line a greased pudding basin with thin slices of brown bread and butter. Half-fill with apple or other suitable fruit. Sprinkle with sugar. Cover with brown bread and butter. Add another layer of fruit. Sprinkle with more sugar. Cover with bread and butter, butter side down Tie up and steam about 1½ hours. Serve with a syrup made from juice of fruit thickened with about a teaspoonful of cornflour and sweetened with rosehip syrup.

and fry these in about ½ oz of margarine for a few minutes. Remove vegetables, mix in 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour, stirring into a smooth paste; add gradually enough of the stock from the braised bird (about ¾ of a pint) to make a thick sauce. Add a little gravy browning to colour, and season. Add a bunch of mixed herbs in a muslin bag, a clove, a bay leaf, a blade of mace, and a gill of port wine or dry cider. Simmer for about ½ an hour. Lay pieces of pheasant in casserolle; strain sauce over them; cover casserole and cook in very low oven, Regulo 2 or 275° F. for about 40 minutes. Serve with a border of rice. Bread sauce can accompany this dish.

Wholemeal Cinnamon Cake

Cream together 2 oz. margarine and 3 oz. moist brown sugar. Add a beaten egg and a tablespoonful golden syrup. Mix well. Sift together and add gradually 4 oz. wholemeal flour, a heaped teaspoonful baking powder and a teaspoonful powdered cinnamon. Add 4 tablespoonfuls of hot water and 2 or 3 oz. sultanas and beat well. Turn into well-greased cake tin. Bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 350° F., about an hour.

When cold cover with water icing. Decorate with border of desiccated coconut (dyed pale pink, with a few drops of cochineal), cut glacé cherries and silver balls.

Fruit juices are rich in vitamins, and with an ice cream added are attractive even in winter.

Poor Knight's Pudding

Poor Knight's Pudding

Stew together 1 lb. peeled and cored apples and 2 oz. sultanas with sugar to taste and enough water to prevent burning. Cut rounds of brown bread with a pastry cutter, about 4 ins. across, soak in milk and fry in margarine. Pile the apple and sultana mixture on to crisp rounds of fried bread, add a pinch of nutmeg if liked and serve with custard.

Blackcurrant Roll

Make ½ lb. suet pastry. Roll out in an oblong shape. Spread with a tin of blackcurrant purée. Sprinkle sugar over. Roll up and bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F., about 40 minutes. Whip up some synthetic cream, flavour with lemon or sherry and rosehip syrup. Serve with roll.

QUEER CARGOES

By Naidra Cockshut

TO the average housewife there is nothing very romantic about food.

Quails in aspic at the Ritz may possibly seem romantic; a shining speckled trout baked in leaves at the side of the stream where it was caught, has a sort of poetry about it—but Friday's cod and the weekly groceries are dreary commodities at best.

Yet romance is where you find it, and even with one's unwilling hands in the washing-up water, fancy is free to stray among the wonders and adventures which lurk behind the homeliest seeming commodities on the kitchen shelf.

Take tea. As you sip your eleven o'clock reviver off the kitchen table, do you ever reflect that once men of the East India Company were risking their All for it. Marauding pirates and open warfare with the rival Dutch and Portuguese trading companies provided hazards enough for merchant ships seeking the riches of the Far East. Think of it, as you sip that beverage whose history you may never have traced beyond the grocer's; no further back than the eighteenth century tea was as valuable as silk and brandy to the smugglers who pitted their wits against the excisemen. It was responsible for the building of the finest fleet of sailing ships in the world—the famous China Clippers—and where, were it not for this homely beverage, would have been the lovely porcelain of Worcester, Minton and Spode?

The Chinese knew it, of course, over 4,000 years ago, but tea was not introduced into England until the middle of the seventeenth century.

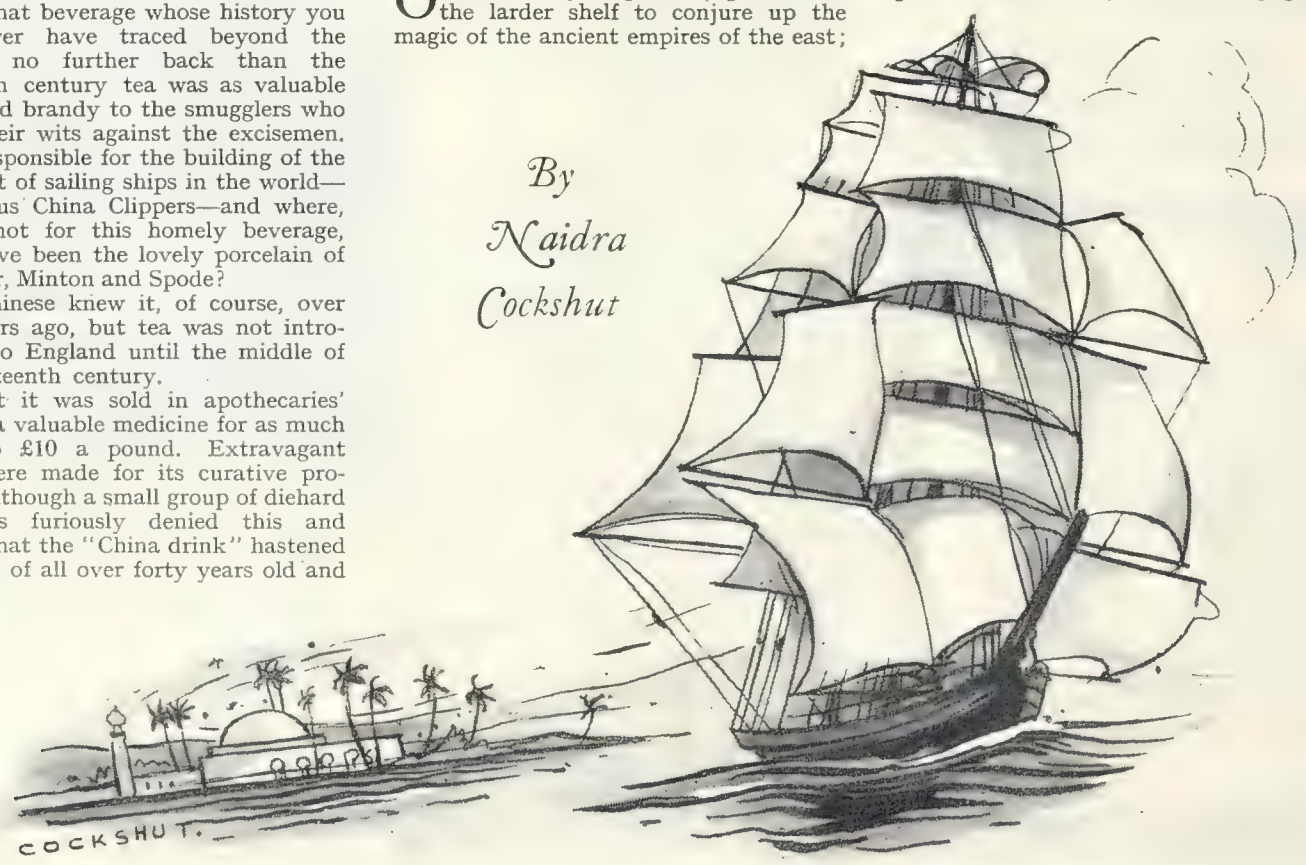
At first it was sold in apothecaries' shops as a valuable medicine for as much as £6 to £10 a pound. Extravagant claims were made for its curative properties, although a small group of diehard physicians furiously denied this and insisted that the "China drink" hastened the death of all over forty years old and was responsible for the "dried-up" appearance of the Chinese.

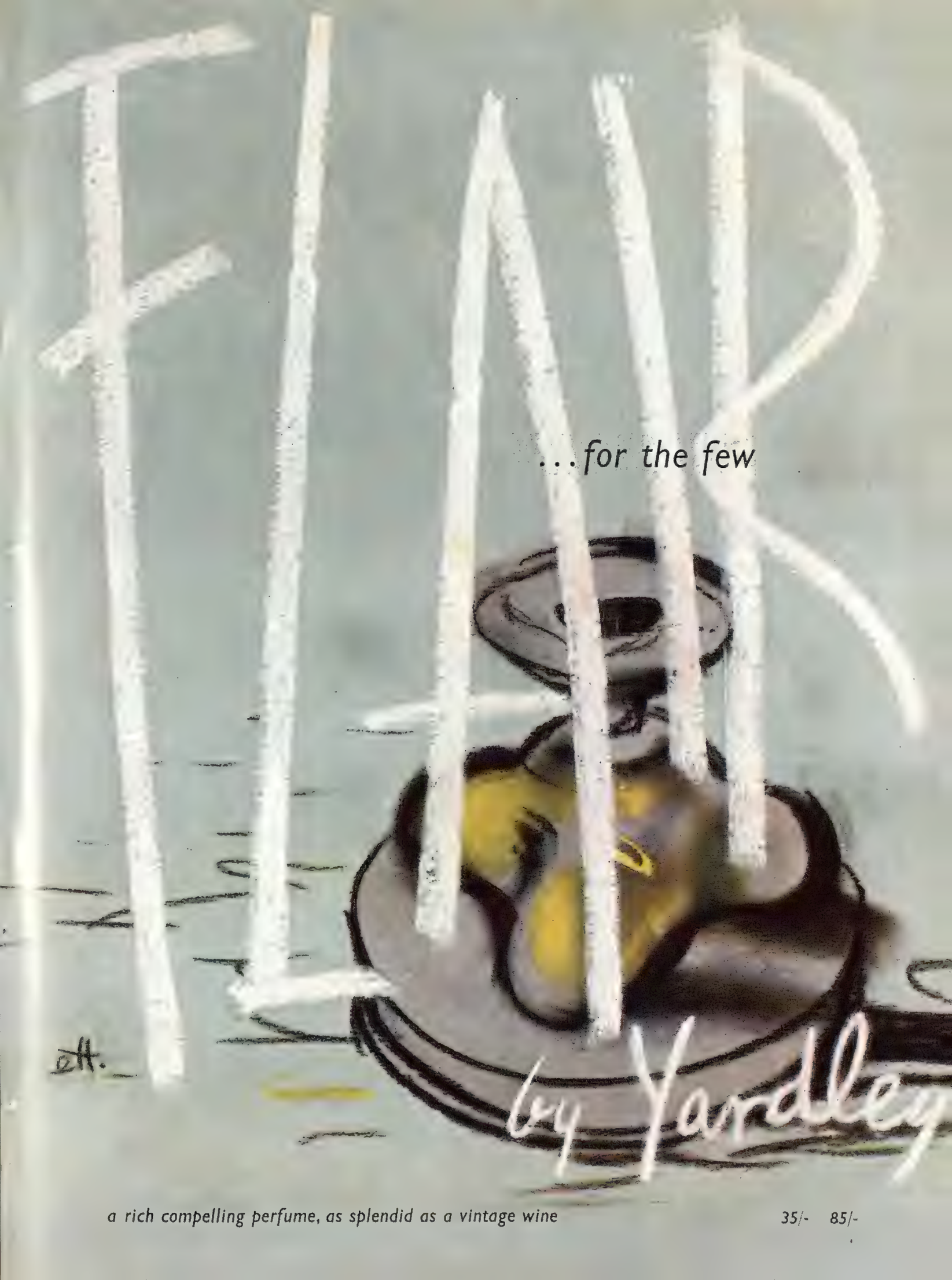
Before the advent of tea, coffee and chocolate in the seventeenth century, children drank ale and wine with their meals as a matter of course; even in the last century Dickens's eight-year-old Copperfield enjoyed a tankard of ale with his supper.

When coffee was first sold in the London coffee houses—themselves the forerunners of the august West End clubs of to-day, the whole of Europe was being supplied from the single province of Yemen in Arabia. The origin of coffee, like tea, is obscure, but the Arabians had an enchanting legend of a flock of sheep, put out to pasture among the wild coffee shrubs, who became so sportive in their behaviour and so restless and elated at night that the secret of these delectable bushes was eventually discovered.

ONE has only to glance haphazard at the larder shelf to conjure up the magic of the ancient empires of the east; nutmeg, red pepper, cinnamon and cloves—the names have poetry still—although to tell the truth, when the galleons first sailed homeward with these spices two or three hundred years ago, they were valued for the most prosaic of reasons. Fresh meat was almost unobtainable in winter since root crops and silage were still unknown and so spices, particularly pepper, were used to preserve the carcases or—at worst—to disguise the putrid flavour.

Icing a cake takes one's mind back to the flamboyant Spanish Conquistadores who found cochineal being used as a dye in Mexico in the sixteenth century. Cortez, the first white man to gaze upon the uncharted, undreamt of waters of the Pacific, brought it back in quantity to the Spanish Court. It is slightly horrifying to realize that the rosy colour of cochineal is made from the bodies of innumerable insects—70,000 go to a pound—brushed (*Continued on page 60*)





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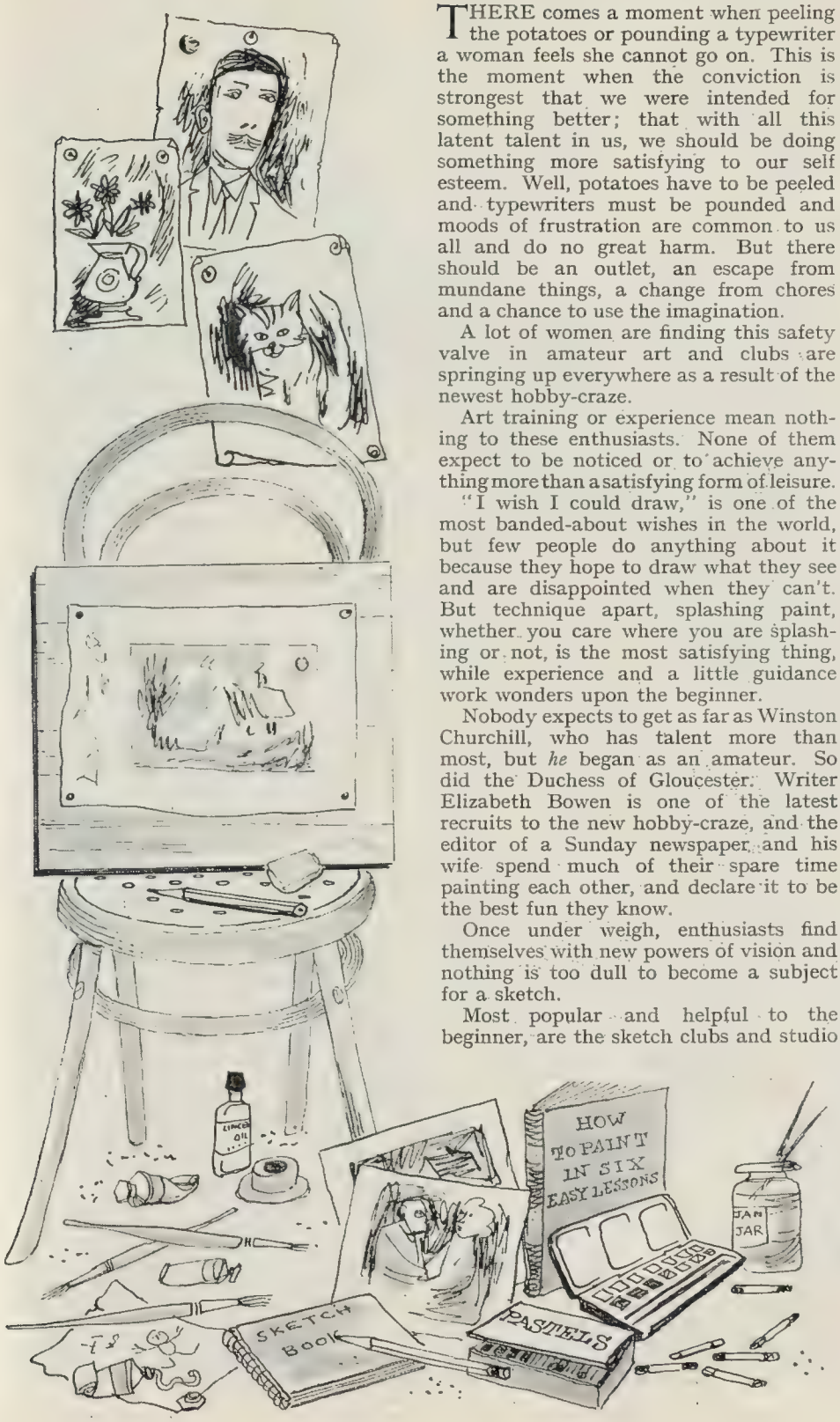
Amateur Academicians

Our grandmothers thought ability for drawing and painting essential as one of the polite accomplishments. The new amateur artist shares her enthusiasm but not for the same reasons



THERE comes a moment when peeling the potatoes or pounding a typewriter a woman feels she cannot go on. This is the moment when the conviction is strongest that we were intended for something better; that with all this latent talent in us, we should be doing something more satisfying to our self esteem. Well, potatoes have to be peeled and typewriters must be pounded and moods of frustration are common to us all and do no great harm. But there should be an outlet, an escape from mundane things, a change from chores and a chance to use the imagination.

A lot of women are finding this safety valve in amateur art and clubs are springing up everywhere as a result of the newest hobby-craze.

Art training or experience mean nothing to these enthusiasts. None of them expect to be noticed or to achieve anything more than a satisfying form of leisure.

"I wish I could draw," is one of the most banded-about wishes in the world, but few people do anything about it because they hope to draw what they see and are disappointed when they can't. But technique apart, splashing paint, whether you care where you are splashing or not, is the most satisfying thing, while experience and a little guidance work wonders upon the beginner.

Nobody expects to get as far as Winston Churchill, who has talent more than most, but *he* began as an amateur. So did the Duchess of Gloucester. Writer Elizabeth Bowen is one of the latest recruits to the new hobby-craze, and the editor of a Sunday newspaper and his wife spend much of their spare time painting each other, and declare it to be the best fun they know.

Once under weigh, enthusiasts find themselves with new powers of vision and nothing is too dull to become a subject for a sketch.

Most popular and helpful to the beginner, are the sketch clubs and studio groups which, having no rigid rules of attendance, are admirably suited to busy people. There are a number of these in and around London, and others are starting in the provinces. A local group is not a difficult thing to organize once an accomplished artist will act as mentor.

MR. AND MRS. HAMAN, both experienced artists, run a successful and typical group in their St. John's Wood studio. For half a crown an evening amateurs may attend to sketch, paint or sculpt to their hearts content in a friendly company, where strange artistic results are never queried or even looked at unless criticism and guidance is invited. Members arrive and leave as they feel disposed, so women with domestic ties and busy men are well catered for.

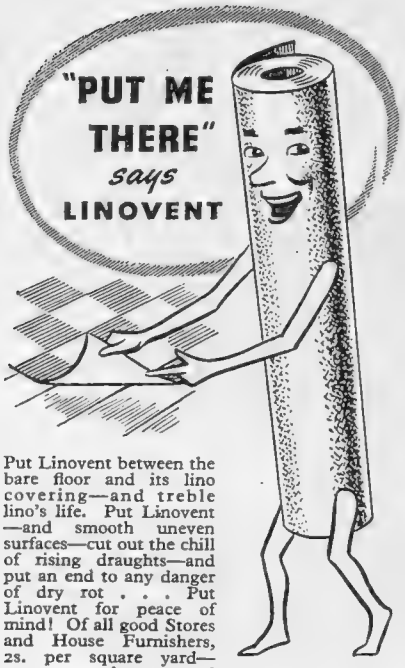
Mr. Haman has some interesting stories to tell of the re-adjustments unhappy people have made through the hours of creative occupation at his studio. As an instance he tells of one young woman, unhappy in her job through an overbearing superior. A few months of painting so developed her inward sense of confidence through the channels of self expression, that the frustrations of her job had no further power to hurt. An extreme case, perhaps, but interesting.

A woman past her seventieth year is one of the Hamans' most regular and enthusiastic attendants. As the mother of a successful art dealer she was anxious to learn a little about the things of which he knew so much. In the process of learning the rudiments she became so devoted to painting that all her spare time is now devoted to this peaceful occupation.

OTHER ardent women amateurs come to the studio without having before put pencil to paper. A Harley Street doctor joins them to find mental relaxation with a sketch board.

It matters little how good, or bad, the results of the work are. Slashing away to get movement; working on a study of hands or feet; making a few strokes to get the tilt of a head and later, with more experience, getting a friend to sit for a head, or sketching the children at play—all these things are satisfying.

As one housewife member of this group puts it: "I find I see so much more since I've been drawing. I notice the play of sunshine on the trees through the kitchen window as I wash the dishes; I am fascinated by the way the cat spreads her paws and with the way my husband's fingers curl around his pipe. It gives a queer sort of excitement to life and makes me feel I can see at last so many wonderful things that once I was blind to." M. S.



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Call Me Hettie

(*Continued from page 26*)

constable—— !"

"Sorry, ma'am." He wiped clean the perspex over the licence card. She passed over her papers in silence. On the card was written: Henrietta Viveash, 37c Montclar Mansions, Victoria, London, S.W.1.

She asked: "You have a very good reason for this, I hope?"

The constable gave the papers back. "Orders from headquarters, ma'am." He stepped back and saluted as the car drew away with no more flutter than the leaves of a book.

TWO miles farther on the car rose to take the Downs, and the man slid out of the rugs and into the front seat. Except for the eyes he looked very young. Back home in the cafés behind Victoria he was sometimes called the Boy Wonder, probably because he'd got through without ever having his prints taken. But to his face his friends called him Hatch and then they generally wanted to be somewhere else. Looking into his eyes gave them the feeling he'd got the drop on them from an inside pocket.

"What name did you give him, honey?"

She picked the identity card off her lap and gave it to him. "From now on call me Hettie."

"So long as you let the other one sleep. What was it?"

"Faed. F-A-E-D."

"I don't wonder it sticks in people's memories at headquarters."

She didn't answer but asked: "You aren't mixing me up in anything, are you?"

"Only in 40,000, honey."

"What's that hole in your sleeve?"

"Just a hole."

"I'd throw you out this minute if I thought——"

"Don't think, honey. Nobody's throwing me out."

She replied absently: "I'm turning off here. Whose guess is it there's another check at Crawley?" The car lurched and she exclaimed. "My God, these roads slide."

Hatch took a pull at a flask. "Know these parts?"

"Every hedge. Born here. What's more, it's true."

"Some day you're going to wreck us with believin' what comes out of your mouth." He sighed, looking more boyish than ever in his pleasure. "Like to see 'em?" He poured into his lap two fistfuls of iced fire. "We can start to take things easy from now on. They'll find the Ford but it won't tie up with you. Why should it? A stick-up's not your line of business. We'll lay up for a week then shoot off to the States, same as you said. It's been easy."

"Seymour?"

"He's harmless."

"You haven't got a reputation for looking after your friends, have you!"

She brought the car to the top of the Downs and dropped slowly by twisting lanes into the timbered country around Horsham. Possibly she had spoken the truth about knowing the place. They passed signposts marked: PULBORO' and PETWORTH. Somewhere farther on she said: "There's a turning up this hill that'll take us right over the other side clear of Godalming."

"What's worrying you, honey?"

"I just don't want any policeman however rustic to find a man in my car carrying a pocketful of diamonds."

"Forget it, honey. You worry too much."

All the same she took a blind corner up a tunnel beneath iced branches of oak and beech trees, tyres skidding on cart-ruts and crashing through plates of ice. Climbing steeply the car twisted to cross the pebbled bed of a frozen stream and twisted again round the corner of a skeletal barn. After two miles they arrived at a concreted stretch barred by rolls of rusty wire sprouting an old board with peeled letters: NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT A PASS, and a signpost: AIRFIELD ONLY. The car stopped with a jolt.

Footsteps pattered behind them. The man murmured: "Watch out!" and stepped swiftly out of the car. A few yards back was a narrow brick path to a cottage and running down it was a man in shirt sleeves. Seeing the strange car he stopped suddenly and called out: "Is that you, doctor?" knowing it wasn't.

Perfectly timed, the woman descended from the car with the grace and authority of Lady Bountiful. "Doctor? Neither of us is a doctor. We wanted the short way over the hill to Godalming." She waved a hand in pretty confusion. "But are you in trouble?"

The labourer gathered hope. "It's my wife, d'you see. Midwife's here but doctor said it might be difficult and he'd come if he could. But he's out somewhere. I've telephoned all over." He opened the gate and approached her. "She's crying terrible, pore liddle dear. I'm scared for her."

The summons was irresistible and the woman said: "I was a nurse with the U.S. Marines in the Philippines. I'll do to boil kettles."

The labourer was holding open the gate for her when Hatch said: "For God's sake, honey!" and she went back to him. His hand had slipped under his overcoat. "What in hell's the idea? This ain't a joy ride."

She whispered back: "I can't refuse. Besides, it's going to take an hour or two and they can't turn us out again in the middle of the night, can they? It's a hide-out. We'll have breakfast and by that time they'll have drawn off the cordons."

"I daresay, and it'll be daylight an' every cop in the country . . ." He stopped to gaze at a trickle of water snaking from under the car, freezing as it went. When he walked round to the front he found two feet of twisted angle-iron sticking out of the concrete into the dust-guard, a gate-stop for gates long since lifted to keep out sheep. "That settles it. O.K." He joined the labourer as the woman went tittupping towards the yellow slit of open doorway. "If you'll help me fix that radiator," he said, "I reckon we can fix a small thing like a baby."

DOWN the path lavender brushed their calves, and the midwife's bicycle was stacked against the porch. Inside was a smell of floor polish and smoked ham. A geranium pot blocked one window and a sheeted bird-cage blocked another. An old brown spaniel lifted its head from a patch rug and put it down again with a sigh. The kitchen was filled with steam, and upstairs a woman moaned.

"Go in there, sir, du," the labourer told Hatch, and he called upstairs: "Mrs. Gobles, here's a lady as has been a nurse! Can't get Dr. Hasted nohow."

Hatch sidled through the doorway and seated himself with his hand under his coat facing the door. Footsteps and voices sounded upstairs. The woman had been a nurse though not in the Philippines and certainly not with the U.S. Marines. But she could talk herself through anything, even a childbirth. The labourer came in, his stupid, honest face sweating. Anxiety made him talkative. He said: "I reckon yew forgot there were an airfield up top o' this lane, sir. Bless me, it's been stopped these eight years 'n more." He laughed, with one ear straining for the ceiling. "That's a lovely car, sir. Toring like?"

"Strictly business."

"I'll get a sup o' tea and a plate of ham besides. It's late. My dear's been lying up since after two. You said business, sir. Government business?"

"Just one simple job."

"'Twould be something special brought you out a cold night like this, surely?"

Hatch rose, his hand still under his coat. "So big I don't like talking about it. You aren't trying to make anything out of it, are you?"

The labourer had turned away and noticed nothing. "I'll lay it'll be a boy. My father and his father and his father, too, they say, were all the eldest. They all lived hereabouts. I'll get a (*Continued on page 58*)

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stick o' glue to your car, sir, marine glue. Won'erful stuff for leaks. It'll take you to Lunnon. It is Lunnon you want to reach, sir?"

"Maybe it is. Maybe it's Southampton."

The labourer wandered out of the room, pottered round the kitchen, went past the door carrying a storm-lantern saying: "When I come back per'aps she'll be done with all o' that." His footsteps died in the night.

Hatch lay back. The ancient eyes in the boyish face saw the brown carpet-slippers in the hearth, the dog hairs on the cushions, and the knitted cosy round the tea-pot. These humble things were everything he despised but they made him uneasy and for the first time unsure. He moved always in a loveless world of brick and asphalt, looking for the sudden huge rewards of violence. He was a stranger in these parts.

His eyes shut but he didn't doze. After ten minutes he rose and sneaked out of the door and along the garden path. The labourer was lying with his head under the Delahaye's bonnet, the lantern at his ear. He didn't see Hatch come or go. When the labourer got back, staring wet-eyed at the lighted window upstairs, he found Hatch just as he had left him. The noises overhead had never stopped.

The labourer said miserably: "The car's patched well as can be, sir. I took the liberty of easin' her back a very liddle." Hatch made no reply and the labourer went off saying: "I'll dish up some tea. We're all at sixes and sevens, sure-ly."

HE was on his haunches before the small range fire at Hatch's feet when a scream ripped through the gentle sounds of coals and kettle and a woman's voice cried desperately: "*Dick — Dick — Dick — Dick — Oh, Dick—Dick!*" The labourer sprang to the stair-foot trembling, but wretchedly wandered back. Hatch didn't stir. Dislike and uneasiness were growing in him.

"She called me," the labourer said, and absent-mindedly turned the knobs of a radio. Sweat-beads rolled off his forehead. The scream had died to a wail and gone out. Footsteps thudded. She'll die, Hatch thought, and Hettie'll get called in as a witness and that means cops nosing in. A voice new to the world broke with a thin animal cry, suddenly drowned by an immense masculine voice declaring that nevertheless the Foreign Minister was confident that a peaceful solution would be found. "At Brighton this evening," the voice continued, "a jeweller was shot dead after surprising two masked men in the strong-room of his shop. He was armed and wounded one of the assailants, who died soon afterwards without regaining consciouness. The other escaped but the police——"

The radio clicked off and the labourer said wearily: "Brighton! We went to Brighton for the honeymoon, just two days. Have you ever bin to Brighton?"

Hatch was on his feet, his eyes glittering. "No, what makes you think I did?"

The labourer said only: "My God! My God!" and turned round to poke the fire. Hatch sat down again, shut his eyes, and opened them as a little woman with bare arms appeared on the threshold. She had eyes like a bird, looking all ways at once behind gold spectacles.

"Dick," the woman said, "she's all right. She c'd du with a cup of that tea when it's made, and put a plenty sugar in it. It's a girl." The labourer spun round opening and shutting his mouth. Looking at Hatch the woman said: "Leave it five minutes and you can take it to her yourself."

The labourer began to say: "Mrs. Gobles ——!" but she'd gone. The kettle boiled and he made tea half laughing and saying: "My, my, and it's a girl after all—oh my, you've brought her luck, sir, you certainly—oh my, oh my, how she cried, pore dear."

Presently he went out with chattering cups. Hatch watched him go, got up, shut the door and brought a gun from underneath his left arm. It was a small blue revolver with six chambers. He broke it, blew down the barrel, lifted a feather pipe-cleaner out of a candlestick on the mantelshelf, cleaned

the barrel with the feather and threw the feather into the fire. He was sticking a cartridge into the one empty chamber when the door opened and shut, leaving Hettie inside. Some of the powder had left her face and she looked washed up. She said: "You devil!"

"What's the matter, honey—you been havin' the baby?"

"What made you turn it on?"

"I didn't. It was him. But he never heard it."

"You—you killer! You said you wouldn't let me in for anything. They'll tear the roof off to find you. Then they'll hang you. I've never been mixed up with a killer before. You'd better run for it. I'm staying here."

He came slowly towards her with his hand under his coat. "Don't be silly, honey. We came together, didn't we? How d'you get out of that?" His eyes terrified her. She'd always felt with Hatch that it was like holding a wolf in leash. Now was the moment he got loose. She pressed her back against the door. "What've you been telling that old witch upstairs? She's guessed something. I want to see her."

Hettie raised a hand. "No, Hatch, no! We'd no time to talk. I told her I'd been a nurse and that we were travelling back to London. She was too busy to hear the radio. You mustn't touch her."

"That depends how things go."

"Hatch—there's Seymour!"

"He can't say much where he's gone." The woman put her face to her hands and sobbed. Hatch said: "Dry up and get your bonnet on. The car's fixed. We're going."

She lifted her face. It wasn't beautiful any longer. She said: "All right, let's go. We can still make Victoria. But when we get there it's the end. We part company."

They stared at one another. He unfroze. She felt she'd got him in hand again. He said grudgingly: "We'll talk about that. The night we met in the Fitzroy bar and worked this thing out was the best bit of business either of us ever did. Here's the proof." He slapped the bulge in his jacket-pocket. "What d'you want to get cold feet now for? Come on, let's get started."

They found the midwife climbing the stairs. Hettie told her: "My husband feels that we really must push on, Mrs. Gobles." Mrs. Gobles said nothing. "You feel she's perfectly comfortable now, do you?"

"Middlin' well. I'll tell the young fellow." Hatch thought: Maybe it's just that she doesn't like Hettie teachin' her her business. Perhaps Hettie was thinking the same for she crooked her finger at the midwife and said:

"Mrs. Gobles, it's been lovely helping that poor girl. I'll tell you why. I was born not far away." She fumbled in her bag, the Great Lady returned to her humble birthplace. "When we are gone give her this from me, will you?"

The midwife took the notes and nodded. Hatch couldn't see her eyes for the shine on her glasses. Then she ran upstairs. Hatch warned Hettie: "You're overdoin' it again, honey." Hettie shrugged on her ponyskin as the labourer came clumping downstairs. He said:

"The liddle dear's wore out, bless her. She's nigh fallin' asleep with tiredness. I dunno what to say excep' you both of you brought us luck." He filled all that was left of the passage.

Hatch was watching a shadow which might have been the midwife hanging over the banisters. He said: "You can show us the quickest way out."

"I will that, sir. I bin thinkin' that if you was to go over the airfield there's an old track wi' no more'n a gate t'open back behind of the church as'll bring you one way to Godalming and t'other clear to Red'ill."

"That'll do us."

The labourer couldn't part with them. His eyes were wet. He laid a large hand on the woman's sleeve: "Lady, you bin very good. We never reckoned 'twould be a girl, like. Would you (*Continued on page 60*)

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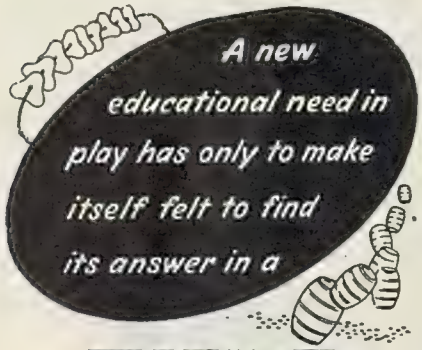

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The woman saw the labourer's eyes glisten and her own brimmed without being asked. She said impulsively: "Of course. My name's really Faed—F-A-E-D. Most unusual but so sweet for a baby, don't you think?"

The shadow moved. Hatch swore silently. The labourer was pleased. He stammered: "Faed! A right pretty name for a liddle maid. Faed, Faed!"

Hatch said: "For God's sake let's get started!"

THE midwife didn't show up again. Hatch followed the other two down the path, cursing. By the light of the headlamps the labourer pulled aside one end of the roll of rusty wire and shouted. They lost him as the car pulled round and up to the derelict airstrip. They found wrecked hutments, tarmac splashed with thistles, the green eyes of sheep flashing from under a roofless hangar. The stars touched the roof and lamps pinpointed the world below.

"That really your name?" Hatch asked.

"Could be." She was already regretting her impulse.

"It might, at that." He got out, opened a gate, got in again. The wheels touched gravel, turned away from Godalming and gathered speed. "Why I don't give you the rest of this gun beats me. It'd be simpler. That godammed witch is teaching the police new ways of spelling 'fade' at this minute. Couldn't you remember to hold your tongue for once? The name's scored all over police records for one reason or another. What in hell came across you?"

She didn't answer. She didn't even know. She'd played so many parts that she'd got her facts and fairy-tales mixed. Only somehow she'd remembered that forty-three years before, she'd been born at a toffee-shop in Godalming and called Faed. Perhaps that was a fairy-tale, too, but she'd felt it would be nice if someone else called Faed could start off fresh and never want to go to Brighton except on a honeymoon.

The car slewed up a side road away from Redhill, heading for Epsom. Hatch grumbled: "We'll still get through. That cop didn't use a pencil and Faed's old history. The name doesn't tie up with this job or anything. I daresay I got the jumps waitin' for that baby."

"That's all, Hatch. You got the jumps."

"Suppose you shut your mouth, honey, just this once."

The car dipped, purring over the Downs.

BEHIND them the midwife struck a match into her oil-lamp, wheeled the bicycle to the lane, mounted and pulled on the brakes. The wind bit through her woollen gloves. She was thinking about the young mother,

Call Me Hettie

and why the doctor hadn't come, and who the lady could be if she really came from thereabouts, and the hot-water bottle she'd give herself. She didn't think about the news on the radio because she'd been too busy to listen to it.

A policeman was stamping his feet at the cross-roads. He said: "Evening, Mrs. Gobles. How is she?"

"Pretty comfortable, Mr. Hampden. It's a girl, after all. Eight pounds ten ounces."

"Well, now, and Dick always so sure 'twould be a boy, like."

"You're up late this cold night, Mr. Hampden."

"Orders from headquarters, Mrs. Gobles. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Hampden."

She reached home, piled her bicycle on top of the coals, and lifted the back-door latch. A cat rubbed her legs. She lit the oil-lamp and put a kettle on. An evening paper was lying under the front door with poster headlines facing outwards. She read without stooping: JEWELLER SHOT DEAD IN BRIGHTON HOLD-UP. POLICE HUNT. She was tired and her thoughts were muddled but suddenly two ideas clicked fast with the image of Mr. Hampden posted in the frost. She said aloud: "My goodness, I wonder . . . !" and the kettle boiled unnoticed as she spoke into the telephone provided by the county council's health department.

"No, sir," she said. "I hardly saw the young man. That's all, sir. I'm sorry. No—all except that her name was Faed, sir—F-A-E-D. That I do know. I'll tell you why . . ."

Twelve minutes later the Superintendent of Records at Scotland Yard answered the internal phone. He was white-haired and a year off retirement. He said: "Faed, sir? The name comes back. Con-woman. Lost track of her after she left Holloway for the States in 1938 or '9. Used to work Brighton. Born thereabouts. What part's she playing now—the Outraged Virgin or the Bereaved Widow? He laughed, then fell serious. "*Murder*! Can't be Faed, sir—not her line at all, at all. If you say so, sir. Used to favour the Victoria district, what I remember. I'll send the cards up at once. Very good, sir."

Two years and two months afterwards a baby just that much old took a Sussex orchard at the run and fell face down into the bluebells. Someone called: "Faed, Faed, just let me catch you runnin' off . . . !" There seemed to be no connection between the runaway baby and a young man who'd died by the rope lying six foot under Pentonville, unless it was with a woman in grey stitching mailbags at Aylesbury.

END

Queer Cargoes

(*Continued from page 52*)

in handfuls from the cactus on which they feed, and then boiled, steamed or roasted alive.

Melancholy and macabre, too, are the associations of the herb shelf: witches' brews, the wicked flourishing like the green bay tree, poor mad Ophelia trailing her weeds—rosemary, fennel and rue—and in the times of the Great Plague men and women fearfully and ineffectually strewing them over their houses, on their persons and over the bodies of the dead. Or if it is the macabre one's fancy turns to, what about that nightmarish poem of Keats's one learnt as a child, where a woman digs up her murdered lover's body and plants his head in a pot of basil? What drama to dwell upon as one compiles the stew.

Oranges are cheerful and historic fruits. This bright plebean fruit was regarded in Henry VIII's day with much the same reverential awe as when a Crusader first peeled one in the far-off Levant. A picture has come down to us of Cardinal Wolsey, sleek and pallid in his scarlet robes, lifting an orange soused in vinegar to his nose as a palliative against the evil-smelling mob around him. Later they were stuffed with cloves and used as pomanders against the infection of the plague.

Yes, a lingering fragrance of romance can still be found among the kitchen chores—there is even an element of mystery and adventure behind the long journeyings of the pallid imported egg, if imagination can trace them to their distant farms in Poland, Denmark and Australia. At least some of them must have had romantic beginnings, and I can vouch for one that found a happy end when a motherly Englishwoman whose tame old hen had gone broody, gave it by way of comfort an egg imported from Poland. Against all the laws of incubation the egg hatched out—and now a fierce young Polish rooster struts around her English garden.

END

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diamond. She had—ahem—paid for it. Thirteen other diamonds in his waistcoat pocket, most of them larger and better stones, made him feel blithely generous. Dear Blossom. God be with you, Blossom. Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever. . . .

He arrived at Mrs. Crunch's front door and let himself in. In his bed-sitting-room he emptied his waistcoat pocket and spread the contents on the green baize tablecloth. Thirteen stones—lustrous, glittering, valuable, not too big to be difficult to dispose of, not too small to be unimportant. He allowed himself a couple of minutes to admire his treasure, then pulled a suitcase from under the bed and started to pack. A business trip, he would tell Mrs. Crunch. Just a couple of days. No need to forward letters. Ta-ra-ra-boom-deay, I-shall-be-far-away. . . . The Bahamas? Or Ceylon? Or New Zealand? Buy a little business— something worthy of his refinement and erudition—antiques, perhaps? Or real estate?

There came a knock on the door. Like a ballet dancer, Mr. Inkpin tripped to the table and swept up the diamonds into his pocket in one smooth movement. "Come in," he said sweetly.

It was Mrs. Crunch. Mr. Inkpin smiled upon her.

"'Ere's yore lady friend to see you," Mrs. Crunch announced with a vestige of prim disapproval. Mr. Inkpin's smile faded.

"Hallo, ducks." Blossom stood in the doorway, swinging her shiny black plastic bag on her little finger.

Mr. Inkpin heaved his smile back into place. "What a delightful astonishment! Good morning, my dear. I'm surprised to see you up so early."

"The early bird catches the worm," Blossom informed him.

Mr. Inkpin sat down.

"I was on the fire-escape while you was doin' your cookin', ducks."

"Fire-escape?"

"At Porteus and Company."

Mr. Inkpin went pale. "What do you want, my dear?"

"I want to get married, ducks."

"I fear we are not suited to one another," Mr. Inkpin murmured, taking a deep breath and sighing hypocritically.

"Ooh, yes we are. We got things in common."

"Things in common?"

"Shiny ones, dearie."

Mr. Inkpin buried his face in his hands.

"Going away?" Blossom murmured, helping herself to a cigarette from the packet on the mantelpiece and tapping it on the top of the suitcase.

"I will give you another diamond," Mr. Inkpin offered through clenched teeth.

She was implacable. "You can't buy a poor girl's virtue like that, Henry Inkpin. It's not nice."

Mr. Inkpin thought of Blossom as Mrs. Inkpin—rich Mrs. Inkpin. In his mind's ear he heard the nasal rasp of her voice alienating the friends he had hoped to make. In his mind's eye he saw the vulgarity of the jewels and furs she would pile upon herself if she had half a chance. He saw her gorging herself on rich food and saw the delectable curves

Mr. Inkpin's Diamond Wedding

increasing until they became mounds of fat white flesh. He shuddered. In moments of despair a man thinks clearly. Mr. Inkpin knew that Blossom would squeeze him like an orange—suck him dry of wealth, self-respect, gentility. A tear appeared at the corner of his eye. "No," he said huskily. "Not marriage. Can't you take half and leave me alone?"

Blossom shook her head. She wanted the lot—and marriage. Gives a girl freedom, marriage does, she reminded herself.

Courage returned to Henry Inkpin. "If you force me to marry you, I shall not be kind to you," he said sternly.

Blossom smiled and patted the divan bed beside her. "Come on," she said kindly. "Sit down and let's talk it over."

Mr. Inkpin sat down. The next moment his hand was grasped, twisted and forced high up behind his back. "Ouch!" he yelled.

"So you won't be kind to me?" Blossom's voice was brassy. "If you ever so much as lay a hand on me, ducks, I'll scratch your eyes out. I can do it. I'm a strong girl."

The pain in his arm was urgent. Mr. Inkpin thought with crystal clarity. "I'll marry you," he said.

Blossom let go. Mr. Inkpin stood up, massaging his sore arm. Then, all of a sudden, he dashed for the door, slammed it behind him and locked it. After that he went into the street and ran for his life. He did not stop until he came to a police station.

THE police handed him on to the Customs and Excise department and Mr. Inkpin found himself telling his story for the second time to a kindly gentleman in a blue suit in a big office block in Finsbury Square.

"Thank you, Mr. Inkpin," the gentleman said softly at the end. "You have been very wise and public-spirited." Mr. Inkpin blushed. "And you say that a fourteenth stone is in the possession of this young lady?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me her address?"

Mr. Inkpin was glad to oblige. He watched as it was written down. "I wonder," said the gentleman in the blue suit, "would you care to accompany me and my officers when we approach the young lady? Your presence might do a little to soften the blow for her."

Mr. Inkpin stared at the stones in the little box they had been put in. They blinked at him and he sighed. "Anything," he said, "which you could do to make the blow even harder would be salutary. The young woman is vindictive, grasping and has criminal tendencies. I doubt if she will part with the stone without a fight and, since I abominate physical violence, I would prefer not to be there. Can I go now?"

"Yes, you can go now, Mr. Inkpin. Thank you again."

"Not at all," said Mr. Inkpin. For a quarter of an hour after that he was depressed. Such beautiful diamonds. Then he suddenly felt delightfully virtuous. "After all," he told himself, "honesty *is* the best policy." He then turned into a bar and drank to his purity of soul with a whisky and soda.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 32*)

Maono and Narai, discoverers and cultivators, a sort of dusky Adam and Eve on the coral island of Makatea; a fabulously visualized tale of love, adventure, war and primitive culture, lucidly translated by Joan Bulman, with Douglas Woodhall's decorations.

IRISH peasant folk have a vivid gift of simile. Fat Widow McQuirk, for example, explaining why the arms of her chair had been removed, said: "Had they been left, and I were ever to get into it, I'd have been like a cork in a bottle, and no corkscrew could have drawn me out." Katherine Everett's sketches—**"Walk with Me"** (Constable, 12s. 6d.)—have a native humour and picturesqueness, whether grave or gay and about Ireland or Dorset.

NEVER have we had such a dower of fine photographic quartos as during this Festival year. **"Britain and Her People"** (Ward, Lock, 15s.) gives an excellent survey of our history, traditions and achievements, with colour plates as well. Colour supplements, photographs in Godfrey Winn's intimate biography of Princess Margaret, **"The Youngster Sister."** **"English Villages"** has a Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald introduction to 165 photographs (Odhams, 12s. 6d.). R. L. P. Jowitt introduces A. F. Kersting's camera studies of **"Cirencester"** (Batsford, 7s. 6d.). C. Douglas Milner's **"The Dolomites"** (Hale, 25s.) has 150 of his own, perfectly reproduced, with detailed text.

(*Continued on page 66*)

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WHEN ingrown bachelor Edward Enthory contemplated marriage he visualized "a tall, fair, affectionate girl . . . in a green-panelled drawing-room with Hepplewhite furniture . . . making a cocktail when one came home in the evening . . . or a very intelligent dark girl with a contralto voice . . . not that she need sing, necessarily . . . she could play the piano—Bach, for choice . . ." He tackled married friend Georgia about it, who told him : "Oh, Edward, darling, you're so absolutely settled down as it is. What you want is to be unsettled." And when he met lovely Psyche Robinson, who'd lived in China and gone guerrilla in Pseudonesia . . . but get Barbara Worsley-Gough's **"The Sly Hyena"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), I beg you, and see how it develops. It's the most delicious comedy novel I've read for years !

NANCY SPAIN has a nice line in comedy, too, plus thriller-farce. In **"Not Wanted on Voyage"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) sleuth Miriam Birdseye and tame poet Freddie Pyke are aboard a cruise-ship in which the wife of a director of the Line is found drowned in her bath, and a murky time is had by all, including some of the craziest folk a cruise-skipper ever had to put up with.

A NEW Roger Senhouse translation of the exquisite Colette is a cross-Channel event quite as important as the swimming marathon. No one can communicate so well the richly Parisienne atmosphere of boudoir and *salon*. **"Chéri"** and **"The Last of Chéri"** (Secker & Warburg, 10s. 6d.) portray the love of middle-aged Lea for the spoilt, pampered young son of her courtesan friend, and his tragic return to her in later years, to find her a fat old woman and his romantic memories a mockery. In Colette's hands the novel is an art, a rare distillation of the rose-leaves of life into a delicate, decadent fragrance.

IN Henry VII's reign young Perkin Warbeck assumed the title of Richard, Duke of York, younger son of Edward IV, supposed to have been murdered in the Tower, and laid claim to the English crown. His ill-fated part in the conflict between York and Tudor, his love for Cathie Gordon whom he met at King James's court, give Alice Harwood scope for a vividly told, spacious romance, **"Merchant of the Ruby"** (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.).

ANOTHER first-rate historical is Jean Plaidy's **"Madame Serpent"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.), about Catherine de Medici, who was torn from a young love to marry Henry of Orleans and brooded for years on her faithless husband's passion for his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, whom she plotted to poison. An admirable study of an unhappy Queen of France and her dazzling, intriguing sixteenth-century court. Both these books will please all who enjoy the historical romances which are a distinctive feature of this journal.

F. E. BAILY'S stories have a straight human appeal whose artifice is in the plot, not the style. Those who like backstage novels will want to know how glamorous actress Sandra fares with the men in love with her in **"I Loved Him Best"** (MacDonald, 9s. 6d.) and the reactions of her likeable family. She's a gay, frank girl who can say : ". . . we don't love each other. We just have a yen, or a lech, or whatever you like to call it. That lets us have fun." But she knows how far fun goes. . . .

"A MODERN rake's progress," James Woolf's sub-title to **"Song Without Sermon"** (Alvin Redman, 10s. 6d.), sums up the career of Henry Malling, spoilt mother's boy, which begins with servant-girl seduction, has some share in the death of three people including his mother, shades down to the black market, and meets nemesis in the shape of an older woman who can match his evil with hers. A tough, ruthless story about mostly unpleasant people.

THREE slick thrillers : James Hadley Chase's **"Strictly for Cash"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.), big-money racketeering and murder in a Florida casino set, with nerve-quaking roof-parapet suspense for climax. Neill Graham's **"The Quest of Mr. Sandyman"** (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.), Scotland Yard on the murder-trail of a stick-at-nothing blackmailer. Bill S. Ballinger's **"Portrait in Smoke"** (Reinhardt & Evans, 9s. 6d.), tough, slangy action-drama about Chicago beauty contest winner which begins : "If I shoot off my mouth to the wrong guy, I'm a goner," and continues in that strain through love, intrigue, murder and an ingenious surprise twist by the dame which outsmarts the too-clever hero and puts him on the spot.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Dances of France," II—Provence and Alsace, by Nicolette Tennevin and Marie Texier (Max Parrish, 4s. 6d.). **"Dances of Bulgaria,"** by Raina Katsarova (Max Parrish, 4s. 6d.). **"Dances of Germany,"** by Agnes Fyfe (Max Parrish, 4s. 6d.). **"Dances of Norway,"** by Klara Semb (Max Parrish, 4s. 6d.). **"Seven Summers,** by Mulk Raj Anand (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"Cat Encyclopedia,"** by Kit Wilson (Elliot, 6s.). **"The Provinces of France,"** by Doré Ogrizek (McGraw-Hill, 30s.). **"The Story of the Growth of Nursing,"** by Agnes E. Pavey (Faber, 20s.).

OTHER NOVELS

"Summer Cloud," by Dorothy Clewes (Harrap, 10s. 6d.). **"Here Comes a Candle,"** by Fredric Brown (Boardman, 9s. 6d.). **"Rain in the Wind,"** by Joan Kennedy (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"The Dark Moment,"** by Kathleen Wade (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"Alms for Oblivion,"** by Robert Rishworth (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.).

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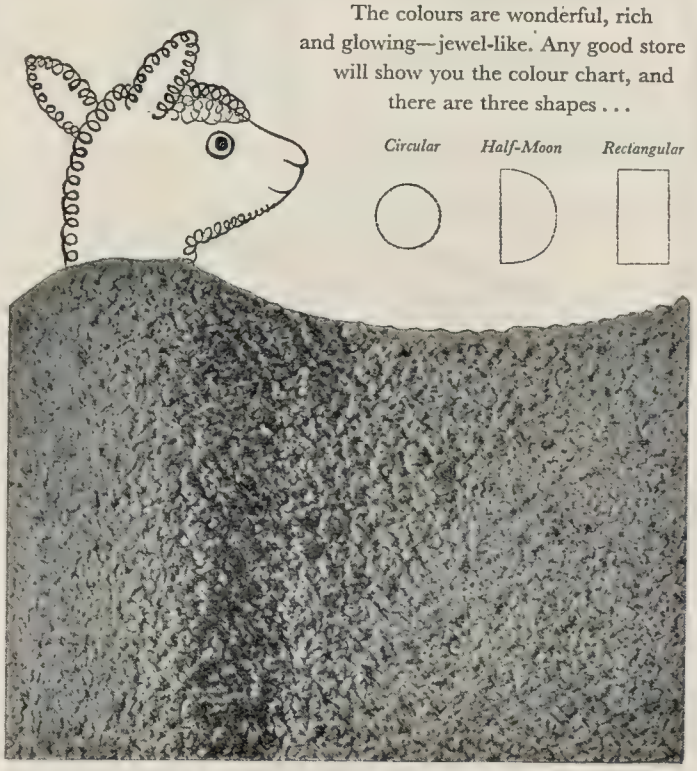

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Daytime Jumper [(*Continued from page 44*)

cast on edge, finishing at the end of a patt. Change to ribbed yoke and shape armholes thus :

1st row. (right side of work).—Cast off 10, (loop on needle). (K. 1 into back of st., p. 2) to last 2, k. 1, p. 1.

2nd row.—Cast off 10, (loop on needle), k. 2, p. 1, to last st., k. 1.

Continue in rib dec. at each end of every row six times (115 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 20½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows, and 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE FRONT

Work as for back until armholes are reached, finishing at the end of a patt., then shape thus :

1st row. Cast off 10, (loop on needle) (k. 1 into back of st., p. 2) 15 times, * (p. 2, cross 3, p. 2) 5 times, ** (p. 2, k. 1 into back of st.) 18 times, p. 2.

2nd row.—Cast off 10, (loop on needle) (p. 1, k. 2) 15 times, * k. 2, p. 3, k. 2 ; rep. from * four times, ** (k. 2, p. 1) 15 times, k. 1.

3rd row.—K. 2 tog., p. 2 (k. 1 into back of st., p. 2), 14 times, * p. 2, cross 3, p. 3, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1 ; rep. from * once, p. 2, cross 3, p. 2, ** p. 2, (k. 1 into back of st., p. 2), 14 times, k. 2 tog.

4th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1, (k. 2, p. 1), 13 times, k. 2, * k. 2, p. 3, k. 3, p. 1, (k. 1, p. 1), twice, k. 1 ; rep. from * once, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, ** k. 2, (p. 1, k. 2), 13 times, p. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog.

5th row.—P. 2 tog., k. 1 into back of st., (p. 2, k. 1 into back of st.), 13 times, p. 2, * p. 2, cross 3, p. 2, k. 2 tog., wtp., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, wft., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. ; rep. from * once, p. 2, cross 3, p. 2, ** p. 2, (k. 1 into back of st., p. 2), 13 times, k. 1 into back of st., p. 2 tog.

6th row.—P. 2 tog., (k. 2, p. 1), 13 times, k. 2, * k. 2, p. 3, (k. 2, p. 1), 3 times ; rep. from * once, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, ** k. 2, (p. 1, k. 2), 13 times, p. 2 tog.

7th row.—P. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 1 into back of st., (p. 2, k. 1 into back of st.), 12 times, p. 2, * p. 2, cross 3, (p. 2, k. 1), 3 times ; rep. from * once, p. 2, cross 3, p. 2, ** p. 2, (k. 1 into back of st., p. 2), 12 times, k. 1 into back of st., p. 1, p. 2 tog. (117 sts.).

8th row.—Rib 41 ; rep. from * to ** as on 6th row, rib 41.

9th row.—Rib 41, * p. 2, cross 3, p. 2, cross p., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, cross k. ; rep. from * once, p. 2, cross 3, p. 2, ** rib 41.

10th row.—Rib 41 ; rep. from * to ** as on 4th row, rib 41.

11th row.—Rib 41, * p. 2, cross 3, p. 3, cross p., k. 1, cross k., p. 1 ; rep. from * once, p. 2, cross 3, p. 2, ** rib 41.

12th row.—Rib 41 ; rep. from * to ** as on 2nd row, rib 41.

13th row.—Rib 41 ; rep. from * to ** as on 1st row, rib 41.

14th row.—As 12th row.

Continue in rib and patt. as above until work measures approximately 18 ins. from the cast-on edge, finishing at the end of a patt., then shape neck thus :

(Right side of work). Rib 44, cast off 29, (loop on needle), rib 43.

Continue in rib dec. 1 st. at the neck edge 3 times (41 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 20½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 rows, starting at armhole edge. Now work back to armhole and cast off last 6 sts. Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other shoulder to match.

NECK BORDER

Join right shoulder.

Now, using No. 13 needles and holding the right side of work towards you, pick up and k. 123 sts. along neck edge and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1 in. Cast off in rib.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 80 sts. Change to No. 13 needles and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1½ ins.

Next row (wrong side of work).—(K. 1, inc.), 39 times, k. 2 119 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and continue in patt. until work measures 5½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top of sleeve by dec. at each end of every alternate row until sts. are reduced to 83. Now dec. at each end of every row until 35 sts. remain. Cast off.

Work another sleeve to match.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly, avoiding ribbing. Join seams and insert sleeves. Work 1 row of double crochet along open shoulder and fasten same with press studs.

Evening Sweater (*Continued from page 44*)

RIGHT FRONT

As left back until directions state 16 rows. When these rows are complete, cast off 35 sts. at shoulder. Continue dec. at other edge on every row and at same time k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every other row until there are no sts. left.

RIGHT BACK

As left back with shaping at opposite edge.

LEFT FRONT

As right front, with shaping at opposite edge.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side seams of waist. Seam the four bodice pieces together. Hem sleeves. Sew to waistbelt, covering the jagged edges of waist by the bodice. Sew on neckband.

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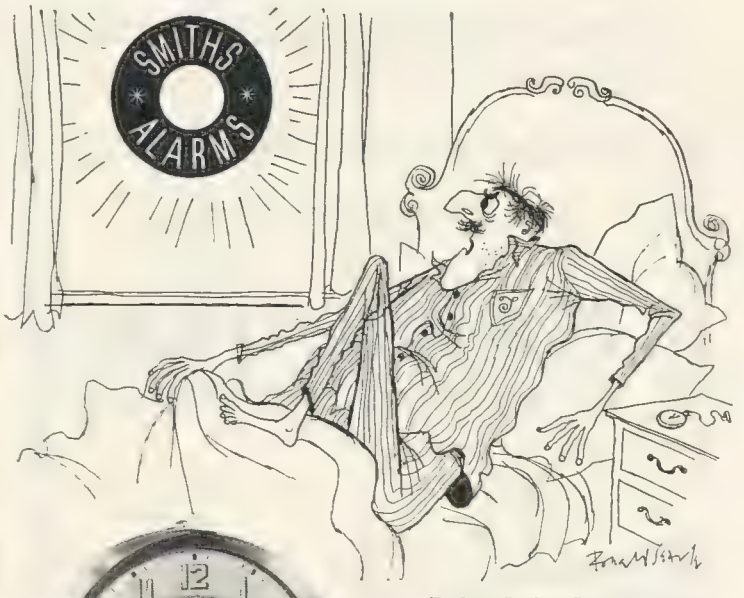

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Are M.P.s Too Privilege-Conscious?

(*Continued from page* 13)

The Times was a burglar or the Bishop of London poisoned his wife, these gentlemen would have no redress in law. Their only hope would be to get the accuser to repeat his words outside the House.

But even then they might not obtain satisfaction, because the newspapers—in those circumstances no longer protected by privilege—would be chary of printing such sensational allegations. So that the Member seeking to expose in the House what he believes to be a scandal or abuse is in a strong position; while the discomfited subject of his attack can only—again to quote Sir Alan—write indignant letters about it.

As regards the third basic privilege, the House's jurisdiction over its own proceedings, obviously Parliament must be able to administer its internal affairs without outside interference. And it must have (fourth basic privilege) powers to punish contempt. To investigate and report on alleged breaches of privilege a Committee of Privileges, generally consisting of ten members, is appointed at the beginning of each session.

SO much for outstanding privileges: what of the ways in which they can be flouted? A legal authority summarizes these as "disrespect to any Member of the House, as such, by a non-Member; disrespect to the House collectively, whether committed by a Member or any other; disobedience to the orders of the House, or interference with its procedure, its officers in the execution of their duty, or witnesses in respect of evidence given before the House or a Committee."

"Disrespect" to individual Members includes libels and the offering of bribes; "disrespect to the House collectively" embraces libels on the whole House, on the Speaker and on Select Committees; while "disobedience to the House's orders" means such things as misrepresentation in the report of a speech, publication of evidence taken by a Committee before its communication to the House, and forging signatures to a petition.

What can Parliament do about it when it agrees with the finding of the Committee of Privileges that a breach of privilege has been committed? Several things. Through the Speaker it can admonish the offender who, if a Member, stands uncovered in his place, and if not a Member, stands uncovered at the Bar attended by the Serjeant at Arms. For graver breaches it can, again through the Speaker, reprimand the miscreant. The House of Lords can fine an offender, but it is doubtful if the Commons, who last imposed a fine in 1666, still have the power to do this.

More drastic than admonition, reprimand or fine is the sentence of imprisonment that Parliament can mete out to privilege-breakers. In such cases the Serjeant, armed with a warrant drawn up by the Speaker and aided if necessary by the police, arrests the guilty person and conveys him, if a Member, to the House's Clock Tower—the modern substitute for Newgate or the Tower of London—and if not an M.P., to one of His Majesty's prisons. Thus incarcerated, the offender remains to reflect on his misdoing "during the pleasure of the House," but in any case not beyond Parliament's prorogation.

With its own Members whom it judges unfit to sit or likely to bring discredit on the House, Parliament can deal by suspending or expelling them. Since the war it has exercised this power over Mr. Garry Allighan, who wrote in a weekly paper impugning the honour of certain Members. Rejecting the recommendation of the Committee of Privileges for his six-month suspension, the House voted that he be expelled; and also made the editor of the paper in question apologize humbly at the Bar.

Thus does Parliament punish those who infringe its ancient rights or encroach on its powers. But to distinguish between infringement and encroachment on the one hand, and fair criticism on the other, is a tricky business. Parliamentary privilege was a stout stave to ward off kingly interference in the seventeenth century; but later, against the Press and private citizens, it was sometimes an oppressive weapon. And recently there have been signs of it being called on in the name of party politics or to vindicate the prestige of individual M.P.s rather than that of Parliament as a whole.

TECHNICAL infringements of Parliamentary privilege occur every day. Adverse comments on either House (made by outsiders) or books attacking the institution of Parliament are, strictly speaking, breaches; and so, to split hairs more minutely, are reports of Parliamentary proceedings in the newspapers. But obviously if Parliament haled every newspaper editor and the authors and disseminators of every unfavourable Parliamentary reference before its Committee of Privileges it would be casting its protective net ridiculously wide.

Is it, for instance, a breach of privilege for a body to threaten to publicise the names of M.P.s who have voted in favour of an unpopular measure? The Committee of Privileges judged it so in 1946, which shows how difficult and delicate is their task of deciding what is and what is not permissible freedom of discussion. Two years later the Committee, investigating another case, emphasized how undesirable it was for Parliament to take "penal proceedings for breach of privilege . . . in the case of every defamatory statement which, strictly, may constitute a contempt of Parliament."

This same Committee expressed the wise opinion that the real breaches of privilege against which Parliament should take action were "attacks which may tend to undermine public confidence in and support of the institution of Parliament itself." These two statements say virtually all that needs to be said about the use of Parliamentary privilege; and so long as Parliament continues, by means of this powerful weapon, to uphold its historic traditions while at the same time leaving freedom of expression untouched, its Members will be deservedly privileged.

END

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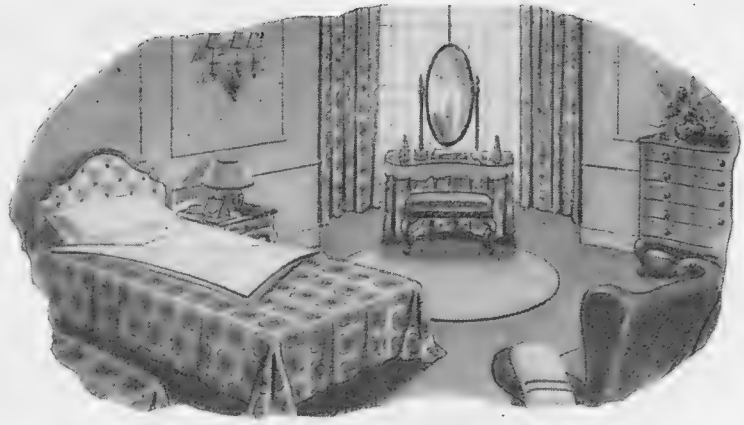

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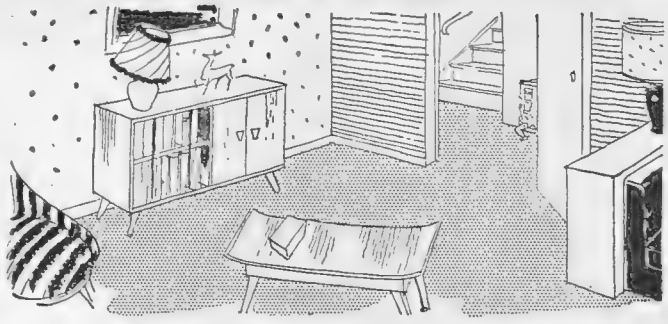

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Birthplace Of The Weather

(Continued from page 15)

coasts, on the latter to Thule, opposite the north-east corner of Canada.

The network in Canada rests on a foundation of private enterprise and State-operated stations. The Hudson's Bay Company maintained weather-stations in the Canadian North long before the Government thought to enter this field. The expansion of the Canadian network dates from the entry of the United States into the war. Aircraft were ferried by way of north-western Canada to Alaska and the U.S.S.R., and by way of Newfoundland to Britain. To maintain the flow of aircraft, airfields complete with weather-recording facilities, and also met. stations on the ferry routes, were necessary. Stations were established throughout the Canadian North and Alaska, since when the network has been steadily extended. Some of the Canadian stations were founded as a joint United States–Canadian venture and are maintained on a joint basis. The American organization extends to thrice-weekly meteorological flights over the North Pole from Fairbanks.

Personnel for the more remote meteorological stations are carefully selected. More than physical toughness is necessary for a man to survive the conditions prevalent in such regions as Jan Mayen. Meteorologists working in northern Alaska and Arctic Canada know that given reasonable flying conditions they are within reach of aircraft. When in September, 1950, one of the men at Molde Bay was injured an aircraft flew a doctor 2,100 miles from Edmonton. Even the isolated station may be visited by men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, by trappers, prospectors and Eskimos, and isolation is made easier by the knowledge that others live within sledging reach. The Norwegian meteorologists at Longyear are within easy reach of the mining settlement on the other side of Ice Fjord. Some of the Danish and Norwegian weather stations in Greenland are linked by trap-lines. The meteorological stations of northern Scandinavia are no more remote from civilization than are the coastguard stations of Cornwall. But the meteorological station of Jan Mayen is cut off for the greater part of the year by sea-ice. Wind speeds of 180 miles an hour have been recorded there. The meteorological station and its outbuildings are linked by a hawser, so that in bad weather the duty-man can find his way to the recording instrument, but it may not be possible to crawl more than a few yards on all fours. The dog that emerges from its hole in the snow risks injury. During one storm shortly after the war, the wind picked up a husky and blew it away, together with the stake to which it was chained.

On an average over the last twenty years Jan Mayen has experienced storms for 260 out of each 365 days. The number of fine days during this period has been 2.4 annually, a figure probably without equal anywhere in the Arctic and possibly in the world. For 240 days annually there is heavy overcast. Snow-laden fog swirls among the lava formations, and the windows of the meteorological station are opaque, partly from the mist and partly from the fine lava dust swept against them by the incessant wind.

Volcanic activity adds to the weirdness of life in Jan Mayen. Mount Beerenberg is supposedly inactive, but volcanic steam seeps from the heart of the mountain to mingle with the flying fog, and during a volcanic upheaval in the winter of 1936–37 one of the radio station buildings collapsed. Subsequently the radio operator had to be evacuated to Norway because he showed signs of losing his mind. The interminable fog, the blizzards, the howling wind, the cold, and the loneliness combined to undermine his stamina.

The modern meteorological station in the Arctic offers the maximum of comfort. Prefabricated, the heavily insulated internal-combustion stoves maintain the interior temperature no matter what the degree of cold outside. By way of illustrating the suitability of a new design in prefabricated meteorological buildings, the radio operator at a station in the extreme north of Canada reported that although the temperature had fallen to —60 degs. F., they were yet able to walk around the station in stockinged feet.

In bad weather the meteorologist may be tempted to skimp his attendance on the recording instruments; in the modern meteorological station they can be read without going outside.

But this is not to say that the life of the meteorologist at even a modern station lacks incident. The buildings may give complete protection against the elements. They may be situated in a sizeable settlement offering companionship and at least some of the more essential amenities. But so long as the station is not situated in the Arctic equivalent of a built-up area there is always the possibility of an incident such as one meets only in the North.

At the more remote stations foraging bears offer many a moment of light relief. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, the passing bear can be relied upon to investigate hutments. Of a determined disposition, it will smash a door down the better to satisfy its curiosity, and having gained access to the abode of man it invariably proceeds to wreck the place, spoiling with spilled paraffin or treacle everything that he fails to push over or break. Not even barbed wire is certain to defeat its more insistent efforts towards the investigation of coal dump and food cache. The Danish meteorologist at Myggbutka a few years ago left the station's lights burning all winter in the hope of keeping polar bears away from his cache of dog-feed. "I shoot three bear, and then I got tired of sitting up all night and to keep the ice-bears away I run an electric wire from the battery-room to the food dump and leave a light burning there all night." But apparently the lights served only to attract more bears. He complained that on one occasion they broke down the defences erected around his dog-food and in the course of one night devoured the lot, which loss entailed days spent hunting seal—and bear.

END

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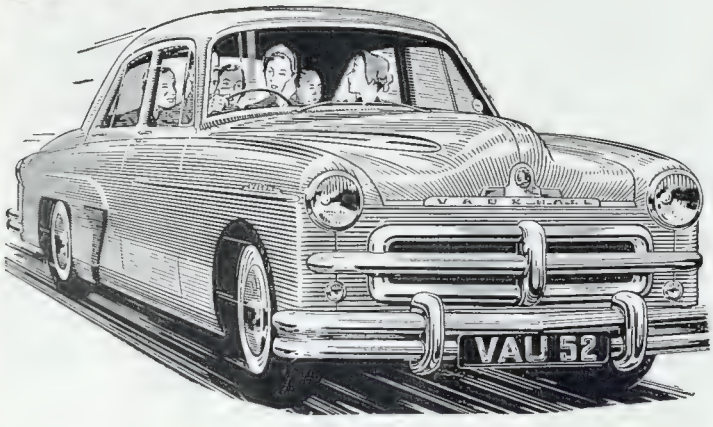

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Puzzle Gems (*Continued from page 28*)

after its most precious relic, the tooth of Buddha. The Diyawardane Nilame (chief trustee of the temple) later presented the stone to Mr. Parkinson for his collection.

I was shown a "fairy stone" also. This is the name given to chiastolite because of the cross it bears, a cross so powerful that whoever wore it near the skin was rendered immune from fever and from evil. British folk would probably place more trust in the opal that Mr. Parkinson had until recently. It contained a likeness of a black cat!

Agate, however, produces the greatest variety of "pictures." Cameos are often made from agate, but many collectors prefer Nature's own "cameos." Pliny was not exaggerating when, writing about agates from India, he mentioned some that bore resemblances to river scenes, woodlands, plant life, beasts of burden and even the trappings of horses. Gone are the days when apothecaries would grind their drugs with such marvellous stones, because of their supposed therapeutic properties, or when the Chinese considered agate to be compounded of the blood of departed persons or malignant spirits. Even so, these variegated agates are still a source of endless wonder.

Take the moss agates, most of which come from India. After looking through many cases devoted to them, I can well understand why some specimens have been grouped as cypress-branch agate, nettle-hemp agate, tree agate, bamboo-leaf agate, rice-water agate, and so on, according to their "inclusions." One specimen is believed to be unique for its size (about four inches across) and quality. Into this stone of amber colour, a lovely "fern" has ingratiated itself. This is probably due to oxide of magnesium penetrating a natural crack and then spreading by capillary action.

As Professor Oliver Farrington has stated: "Of agates it may be said more truly than of other minerals, perhaps, that each individual is unique; one does not duplicate another." Mr. Parkinson's collection is a delightful commentary on that theme. One agate grants a glimpse, it would seem, of the ocean-bed; another reproduces sunrise over a range of mountains. There are "rainbow" agates, too, and "fortification" agates whose characteristic is the series of contour-bands that figure the stone in a manner recalling an old-time bastion. And when one has exhausted one's range of comparisons, there is still a surrealist world which some agates present with a riot of colour and form that dazzle the imagination.

"Owl-eyed" onyx is another wonder. Unlike the ordinary eyed onyx, the twin-eyed variety is an uncommon member of the agate family, and after looking through dozens of specimens one shares a fellow-feeling with bygone folk who saw in these pairs of eyes—some sad, some quizzical, and a few that definitely squint!—evidence of the Creator's direct fiat and, it may be, of His sense of humour. Even Great Britain—which is not a gem-producing country—has given Mr. Parkinson one of his treasures. It is a piece of "Cairngorm"—obtained from the Scottish mountain-range of that name—having "inclusions" that arrange themselves into the face of Mephistopheles.

Some of these curiosities, after polishing, remain collectors' pieces; others are made up into jewellery of various kinds. To the latter group must be added another oddity which I handled—asbestos transformed by natural processes into crocidolite, more generally known as "tiger's eye" because of its visual effect on the beholder.

It may be banal to remark, once more, on the mysterious processes of Nature but they have furnished the jeweller and the lapidary with some strange materials. Mr. Parkinson has a piece of fossilized wood from California that has now become quartz, and could be cut for brooches. It has a brown, mottled appearance; although the organic matter has been petrified, the grain of the wood is clearly discernible. Some jewellers call this substance "agatized wood."

Amber is a further "interloper" of the jeweller's trade, and as usual Mr. Parkinson's collection displays many examples, more particularly of pieces which entomb insects. Brooches from such "tombs" may not be to everybody's taste, but none can gainsay their fascination.

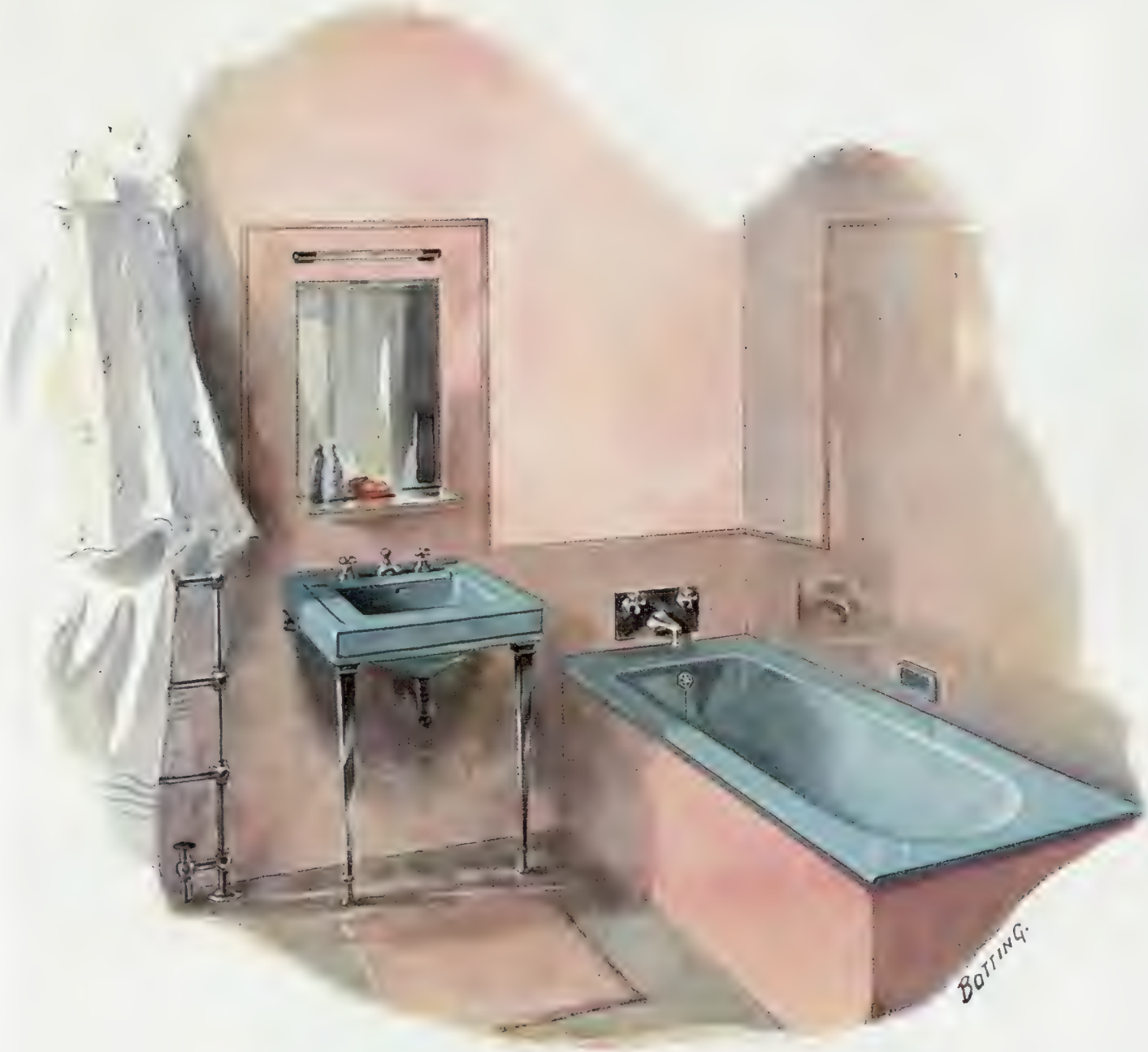
Think of it! Over two million years ago the gum of a now-extinct species of pine tree, flowing down to form a pool on the ground below, would ensnare all manner of objects from pine-needles and fragments of blossom, to birds' feathers, insects and beetles. When fossilized the gum became amber. From early times this substance—known to the Greeks as the tears annually shed by Heliades—has been used for personal adornment. How strange it is to look upon a piece of "insect" amber to-day, and see in that wing or leg the struggle for freedom of a creature that had known the forests of the Tertiary period!

Scarabs have a romantic appeal that owes much to their use by the Ancient Egyptians. Amenophis III developed the craft of scarab ornamentation by having large ones made that celebrated important occasions in his life, such as his marriage to Tiy, or some great sporting triumph. In lesser degree, scarabs are used in similar manner even to-day; but, unlike the Pharaohs' scarabs which were of stone or fayence, these modern ones are *real* beetles!

Known as *Desmonota Variolosa*, the creature is one of the Shield Beetles, green in colour, and comes from California. Its life history is peculiar, lending something macabre to the beetle's later use as ornamentation. The female rolls her egg up a hill, the steeper the better, but the egg often rolls back, so the mother starts again. When the top is eventually reached, she bores a hole in the ground, deposits her egg at the bottom, then lays across it after sealing the chamber she has made. When the egg hatches the baby beetle has to cut through the dead mother's body to reach daylight. . . .

For jewellery purposes no after treatment is necessary. Left to dry, the insects become naturally hard. Moreover, they retain their vivid colour for a century or more. Mr. Parkinson has some that are known to be at least 100 years old. But they contain no hint of the tragic little dramas there embodied.

END



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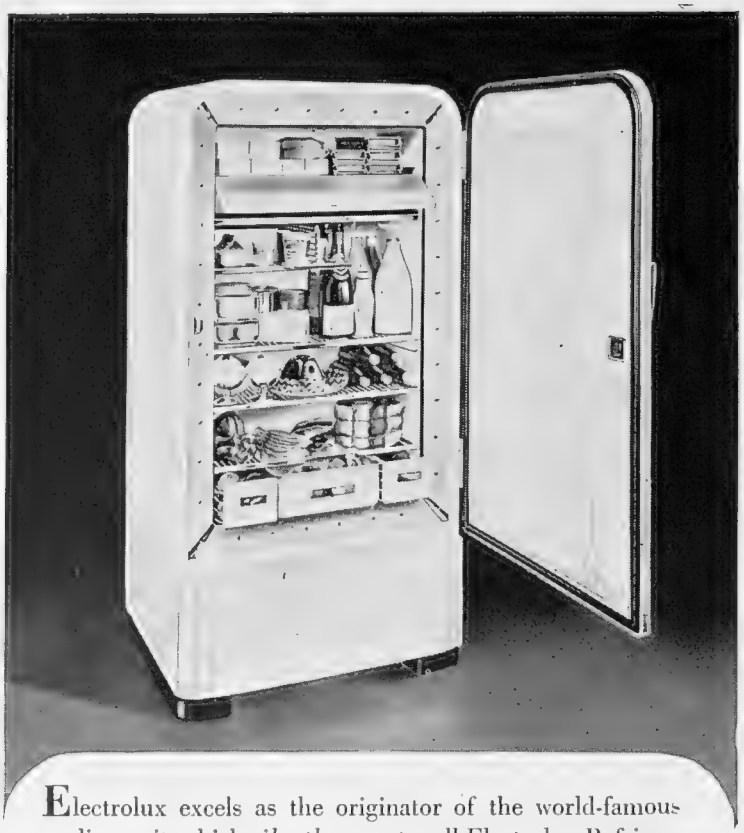

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Drifting Days

(*Continued from page 25*)

death sudden and painless, comes quickly to insects as soon as their tissues freeze.

The tiny flies now hiding beneath the ivy leaves have already concealed clusters of eggs deep in a warm, moist crevice, probably in a compost or manure heap beside those of the housefly and the bluebottle. Within the hollow, tough grass stems, froghoppers have inserted eggs : the grasses will fall and rot, but the eggs will stay hidden to hatch in the spring and produce next year's crop of "cuckoo-spit."

Beneath my feet, deep among the turf roots, grasshoppers have thrust their eggs, their caches sealed over and protected by a brown, gummy secretion.

In the hawthorn hedge behind me, the small eggar moth has laid her eggs in a spiral around a twig, coating them with a protective grey down torn from the hind end of her body. On the bark of the oak supporting my ivy, the female vapourer moth has left her empty cocoon, coated with a sheet of eggs. Not long since I watched her there, her life's work accomplished, her delicate, wingless body trembling slightly as she waited beside her eggs to die with the first frost. Now she has gone, but her eggs are still secure, darkened slightly from their original deep honey colour, each holding the embryo of a tiny caterpillar which will appear with spring, decorated with tufts of bristles.

As I walk slowly homewards the dampness creeps up around my waist. I pluck a last, browning rosebud, free now from the aphides—the greenfly and the blackfly—which through the summer sapped its life-blood. For the aphides have migrated as surely as the swallows.

Hidden among the rubbish at the base of the roses, slipped among roots of bushy forget-me-not plants, cemented on ledges of tree bark, lie the black, seed-like eggs of these tiny migrant aphides. Each has been hidden with infinite care, but in spite of this, only one in every hundred will survive till spring.

But some at least will be preserved in dry quarters, carried by the common yellow ants into their galleries and stored there until the following spring. Then the aphides, newly hatched from these stored eggs, will be carried out of the nest by the ants and deposited on their appropriate food supply.

It is extraordinary that such care is taken of these eggs by the common yellow ants, for they are useless to the ants until they hatch and the aphides start emitting honeydew. More remarkable still is the fact that although yellow ants keep aphides as "cows" within their nest, and "milk" them of honeydew, the species whose eggs they preserve are not the species which, during the summer months, live within the ants' nests.

Ants are one of the insects which over-winter as adults, clustering together below ground in a state of hibernation, or winter sleep. Honey bees and wild bees, too, cling together in a ball within their hive or the hollow of their nest, maintaining the temperature of their bodies by "dancing." The bees at the centre of the seething mass of bees, flip their wings and antennæ, agitate their legs and bodies, periodically changing place with those at the outside of the cluster. The close-packed mass acts as an insulator and prevents the heat created by the moving bodies from being dissipated.

Quite different are the winter quarters of the bumble bees and wasps. As the chill of autumn wraps around their nests, the young fertilized queens depart to seek out a hollow log, the entrance to a disused mole run, a crevice in a pile of leafy mould. There, hanging only by her jaws, her legs, antennæ and wings folded away beneath her, the queen will sleep the winter through. Often queen bumble bees and wasps will come indoors and hang themselves high in the folds of heavy curtains. So, too, will ladybirds which, solitary in summer, are gregarious in winter, gathering in dozens together—in millions in fact, in some parts of North America, where "prospectors" seek them out and keep them in cold storage warehouses for sale in the spring to farmers pestered with greenfly.

Here in England, nothing so spectacular happens, but dozens of ladybirds will cluster together under a log, in the crevice of a split tree trunk or under loose bark, even on the lee of a fence post.

It is nearly dark now, and as I pass the lily pool, shrouded in mist, dark brown oak leaves drift; rotting iris leaves dimple the water. Everything seems dead. Yet when spring melts the ice which soon will bind the water's edges into lace, the mayfly and dragonfly will dance again, born from the nymphs which lie now in a sluggish stupor on the pond's muddy bottom. Midges and mosquitoes will rise from the water to torment us, and the water striders, now hiding in the reeds, will hop and glide and fight again on the water's film.

As I reach the back doorway the cellar steps glisten with dampness, their corners encrusted with cushiony moss and yellow-green lichens. I push aside the creaky door and flash my torch into a corner where rows of snails are sealed firmly to the bricks. A gnat, disturbed by my torch light, sings past my ear and lands upside-down on the ceiling.

The cellar is a winter haven for gnats and lacewing flies and perhaps a housefly or two which, hidden through the dark days by the snugness of sacks, will emerge, stupid with sleep, with the first sunshine to bumble against the window only to be caught in a spider's web.

The wind cannot reach them here. Snow can plaster the house wall and rain lash the trees. But the ruses of the insects to defeat the cold have been perfected through millions of generations : and for untold millions of springs, the insects have emerged anew, curious living forms too often passed by without a thought.

As I turn indoors from the grey November night, I remember that insect life is not dead, but dormant. In the phenomenon of hibernation, Nature has declared her faith in the future.

END

A model beginning

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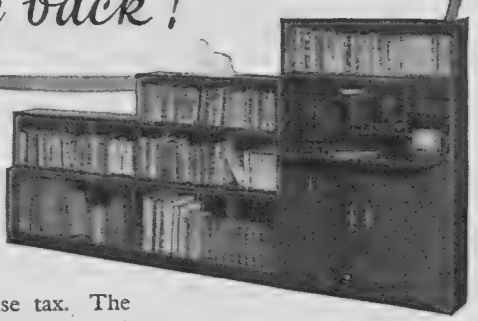

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In The Line Of Duty (*Continued from page 19*)

me land my ship safely? You can't possibly be sure one way or the other."

Crawley shook his head.

"Be your age, captain. My brother and I are smarter than that. We arranged a code only the two of us could know. As soon as you bring it to me from your radio operator I'll know all is well with the Joker and that he's got his reprieve and is free. Once a murderer's reprieved he can't be hanged later, you know—at least, not for the same crime. So for your sake I hope that message arrives pretty soon otherwise there's going to be a very sad accident out over the Atlantic."

LATIMER felt suddenly cold. This was fantastic, yet it was real. This madman really did mean what he said. He meant to save his brother's neck—or wreck the plane.

He looked into the haggard face, seeing the lines at each corner of the thin, trap-like mouth, the long, narrow nose, the domed forehead under the thinning hair. The man was mad, but he was mad as martyrs of old must have been mad when they died for a cause or a religion.

With this man his twin brother was his religion. He really did not want to live in a world from which the only being he loved had departed.

"I must think over what you've said," Latimer muttered and stumbled away down the gangway to the door leading out of the cabin.

"Anything wrong, sir?" Hawkins asked as he paused outside the stewards' pantry.

Latimer shook his head.

"Got a cup of coffee handy?"

"Yessir!" Hawkins dived out of sight then reappeared holding a steaming cup. "Quite sure you're all right, sir?"

"Yes! For God's sake get on with your work," Latimer snapped irritably.

Hawkins wandered away, a hurt look on his fat, good-natured face.

Latimer read the message from London again. It ordered him to contact base and report what the position was and what he intended to do.

"But I don't know and that's a fact," he thought, and for the second time: "God! Why did this have to happen to me?"

Yet he knew he daren't speak of his problem to any other soul aboard. Once it got round that Crawley was sitting in there with a bomb in his briefcase—a bomb timed to go off before they could possibly land—a panic might start which could wreck the aircraft without any assistance from the bomb.

The door from the aft cabin opened and Edward Blake came out. His pleasant, good-looking face was white and shaken. He was over six feet tall and he stooped a little as if conscious of his height though there was plenty of head room.

Latimer guessed that he knew about Crawley before he spoke. He cursed himself for leaving Crawley alone to spread his mischief. Obviously he would try to panic him—Latimer—into wirelessing to London begging them to do as Crawley demanded. At any moment the panic might start. . . .

"That fellow in there . . . !" Blake began.

"I know all about him!" Latimer spoke sharply. "Has he told everyone or only you?"

"He came to speak to my fiancée. I heard him. He said something about having a bomb."

"What did he say besides?"

"He told Caro to urge you to wireless to her father to sign a petition to release his brother."

"And what did she say?"

A grim smile came to the cricketer's face.

"She told him to go to hell. Caro's like that. She told me to tell you to radio her Old Man to do his duty as Home Secretary and see that this chap—the Joker—swings."

"And what do you think?"

"I must admit I can't rouse any enthusiasm for being blown up but—well, I think Caro's right."

"Is Crawley talking to her now?"

"No! He went back to his seat. He has a gun."

"I know!" Latimer looked at his watch. There was a new light in his eyes. "Your fiancée must be a grand person, Mr. Blake. I think perhaps you'll marry her after all. I have an idea."

"You have! Good-o! Tell me about it."

"No! You go back to your seat. And stay in it. I don't want any movement in the aircraft. So far as I can see Crawley isn't going to tell any of the other passengers what's in the wind. I suppose he's hoping the message will still come from London."

Blake opened his mouth to speak again, but Latimer was already making his way forward.

It astounded Latimer that everything should be so peaceful as he threaded his way along the dim-lit gangway back to the nose of the huge plane. One passenger, seeing him, asked sleepily how long before they reached London.

"Just over three hours," Latimer replied, then continued on his way.

"Another message from London, sir," Todd, the radio operator said, holding out a flimsy towards him.

The navigator and engineer did not look up but something told Latimer, from the set of their shoulders, that they knew the worst. Their discipline, their confidence in him, sent a glow to his heart.

Pratt was still at the controls. He grinned at Latimer as the other entered the cabin.

"Had a nice walk?" he asked. "Or did you meet up with a blonde who couldn't sleep?"

"We're in a spot, Bob," Latimer said harshly. "Read these!"

He handed the two radio messages over. The second was short and demanded to know if all was well with the aircraft.

Pratt frowned as he read.

"But is it true—that he's got a bomb back there?"

"What the hell does it matter whether it's true or not? Even if he's bluffing I can't afford to take any risks." He gave Pratt some details of his talk with Crawley. "We know that a man called the Joker is due to be hanged in two days. This chap says he doesn't want to live if his brother is hanged and will blow us up unless——"

"Unless he hears his brother's been let loose, eh? Sounds crazy to me."

"It is crazy, Bob. Now listen to me. This is what we've got to do—and I don't want a slip-up."

He began to speak in short, sharp sentences. Pratt listened, not interrupting, nodding occasionally. His young face under his thatch of fair hair was serious.

"Good luck, Frank!" he said after they had checked their watches and Latimer got up to leave him in charge of the controls again. "I'll be there when I'm wanted."

Todd looked round from his radio set as Latimer went through to the forward cabin.

"Shall I get London, sir?"

Latimer shook his head and hurried past. Even the little boy in the forward cabin was asleep now. Latimer went quietly along the corridor, down the staircase to the lower deck lounge, past the pantry to the door of the aft cabin.

He looked at his watch. Another minute and a half to go. He waited. He felt dreadful. He wished desperately that he might have a stiff whisky. He wondered what it would be like to be dead. Well, he would probably know only too soon!

He forced himself to think of other things: of Joan, his wife, and their small daughter. Oh, hell, he thought, I'm no hero. I just want to get home and be happy.

Hawkins spoke behind him, startling him.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?"

Latimer shook his head. A thought struck him.

"Where's Jenkins, the other steward?"

"In the pantry, sir. Do you want him?"

"No. See he stays there." On impulse he added: "Hawkins, it may be up to you. Do the best you can for the passengers."

He turned away from Hawkins's bewildered face, glanced at his watch again, then opened the door leading into the aft cabin. All was as he had left it ten minutes before. Most of the passengers were asleep.

But he saw Caroline Timperley's dark head turn as he advanced down the gangway. Edward Blake gave him a smile. He hoped the one he gave in return was reassuring.

Crawley, two seats behind Caroline Timperley and Blake, watched him approach from bleak, gimlet-like eyes. His hand held something out of sight on his lap. Latimer knew it was a gun.

Again he glanced at his watch. Twenty seconds to go. Slowly he made toward Crawley, wishing his heart wasn't bumping, wishing it wasn't so difficult to breathe.

"Stay where you are!" Crawley revealed sharp rat's teeth, then produced a small automatic pointing it at Latimer's heart.

"I have a message for you from London," Latimer said quietly. "It may be the one you are waiting for."

Into Crawley's haggard face came hope. But he held the gun in the same position.

"Hand it over!" His voice was shrill.

Latimer saw from his watch that there were five seconds to go.

"Crawley," he said, without knowing why, and suddenly plunged forward as the floor rose steeply before him as Pratt dropped the nose of the plane.

THE crack of Crawley's automatic was deafening in the confined space of the cabin. But Latimer did not hear it. A split second before something struck him on the head and launched him into a pit of stygian darkness. As he lay motionless on the tilting floor of the cabin pandemonium broke out around his still form. . . .

The first face he saw when he came to was Hawkins's. The steward had his head in his lap, bathing his forehead. "How's that, sir? Gosh! You're going to have a rare bump. Didn't arf catch you a wallop."

"Did the swine get me?" Latimer asked faintly. Edward Blake's voice came to him from somewhere overhead.

"I'm terribly sorry, old boy. But, you see, I'd got it all nicely planned. My speciality in the field, as you probably know, is flinging down the wicket. I thought that if Crawley could be distracted I could knock him out with one of my shoes—I hadn't a ball handy, of course. When you came in I thought: Here's my chance! As you rushed forward I stood up and flung the shoe. But when the plane went haywire I missed Crawley and hit you. It's a good thing I did or Crawley might have got you."

Latimer, feeling better, sat up, and asked for a cigarette.

"What's happened to Crawley?"

"He's tied up in the men's dressing-room. He lost his balance when the plane bucked. So I jumped on him before he could bring his cannon to bear again," Blake chuckled.

Latimer struggled to his feet and glared at the passengers who were crowding round. They fell back and he turned to look at Caroline Timperley. He was surprised to see her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Thank you, Mr. Latimer," she said, and held out her hand. "You were very brave. Edward and I have a lot to be grateful for."

Latimer muttered something. A thought struck him. He swung on Hawkins.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat! The bomb! What have you done with Crawley's briefcase?"

Hawkins smirked.

"I took the opportunity of throwing it overboard, sir. It's in the drink now."

"But, you ass, we'll never know if he was bluffing now!" Latimer shouted, exasperated.

Blake and the girl laughed.

"As if it matters!" Caroline cried. "Oh, Mr. Latimer, will you send a message to my father? I'd hate him to let the Joker go free after all you've been through."

Latimer, who was not used to taking orders, turned meekly to obey this one—rather to his own surprise.

END

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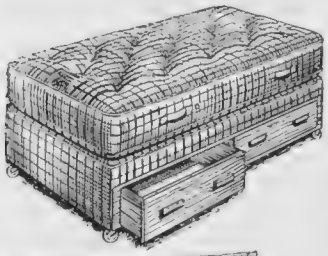

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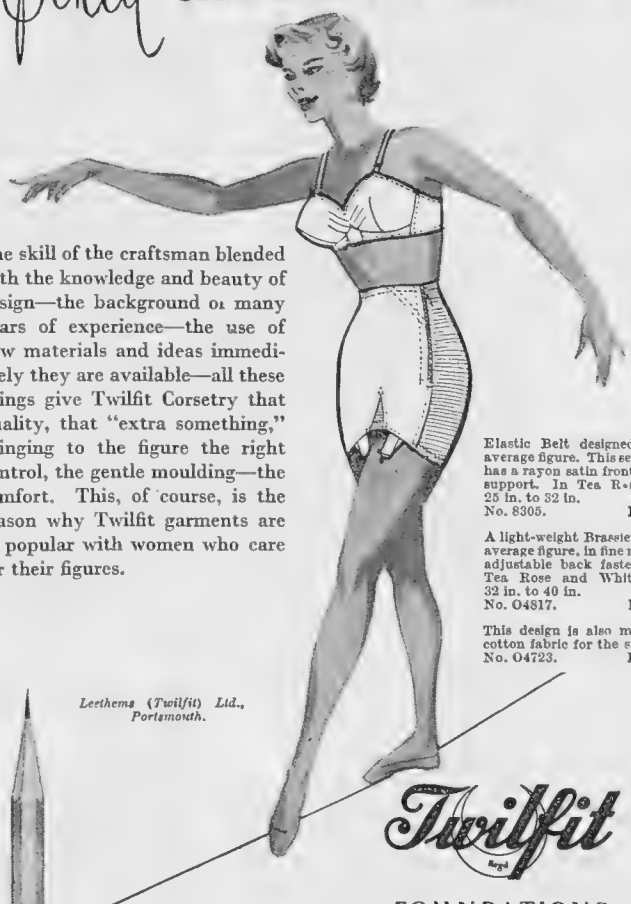

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Josephine's Love Affair (*Continued from page* 31)

broke from him and leant against the mantelpiece with her back to him.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, putting an arm round her.

She stiffened, fighting down the desire to say angry things; she was determined not to let him see how much he had hurt her. She turned in his arms and faced him, level-eyed and cool.

"Let me go, Mervyn," she said with an effort of lightness. "I'm not really the sort of girl who takes nightcaps in men's rooms at one in the morning. I've deceived you cruelly. But, cheer up, there must be plenty of others less staid than me."

If Mervyn was disconcerted, he did not show it; he kept her in his arms.

"You're not staid," he said. "You're beautiful, desirable. How can I help loving you?"

"Thank you for nothing," she laughed at him. "You'd say the same to any girl who happened to be here now." And then because she was in his arms, because she loved him so much, and because she was so heartsick, her tears began to flow.

"Oh! Mervyn! I could have been so utterly yours," she cried. "But now I never want to see you again."

She ran out of the room. Mervyn picked up the wrap that she had left behind and sighed. He did not look too pleased with himself.

THE next morning, Josephine had hardly finished her first breakfast with Mervyn when Sarah's bearer, Abdul, came to fetch her. Josephine knew that he had Sarah's authority, so she trotted after him with the detached condescension due to one in his station. Inwardly, she was full of pleasurable curiosity; in her experience, any deviation from routine usually portended something interesting. But when Josephine entered, Sarah continued to write letters without looking up. Josephine hung about patiently for some time, then, as nothing special seemed about to happen, she whimpered politely; Sarah ignored her; Josephine barked in signal that she saw no point in being hot in here when she could be cool in Mervyn's suite. Sarah told her to be quiet. Josephine watched her chance and slipped out. In a few minutes Abdul came for her again. Back in Sarah's suite, Sarah took out Josephine's dusty old lead and—tied her to the fender! Josephine's world rocked about her. She had never been kept on a lead in her life. She looked at Sarah in utter incomprehension. Sarah avoided her eyes. Josephine refused to curl up meekly and go to sleep; she sat tensely on her haunches, gazing at Sarah in misery. Sarah shifted her chair so that she could not see Josephine.

That evening, Sarah took Josephine out for her walk. Josephine knew the routine; she raced joyously across to Mervyn's suite to pick him up. Sarah called her crossly (Sarah cross!) and put her back on the lead until they were out of the grounds. Never had Josephine been so humiliated—to be led past everyone as if she were some badly behaved pup! Even when she was released outside, she remained downcast; she did not even notice a couple of insolent cats; the spirit had gone out of her.

On the first occasion that Josephine managed to pay Mervyn a secret visit, they greeted each other with false heartiness and then sat about, embarrassed, not sure what to say next. To Mervyn, Josephine was a reminder of things best forgotten. Since the night at the Tavern, he had pursued his daily round, endeavouring to dismiss Sarah from his thoughts. She was a prig; what was a love affair between friends? But Sarah's last words echoed in his mind. Her attitude had won his respect and made him dissatisfied with himself.

"She's right and I'm wrong," Mervyn muttered to Josephine.

Josephine offered the faint beginning of a tail wag—she knew that she ought not to be there.... Someone knocked at the door; Josephine slid under the sofa, unaware of the protruding length of lead that betrayed her. Mervyn looked out of the window and saw Abdul.

"Come along, Josephine," he said and led her out the back way.

They say that an illicit love affair has a fascination denied to the legitimate. Josephine would not have agreed. She continued to visit Mervyn in secret because she could not keep away from him, but while she lay, cool, under his air conditioner, she had one ear guiltily cocked to the door. They no longer talked intimately and often as they used to. Now and then, Mervyn would pet her, thoughtfully. Josephine's response was quiet and wistful; she was sensitive to his moods. Each time that she left, Mervyn saw her slinking in a detour round the garden towards Sarah's suite; her tell-tale lead dragged behind her; her face wore a hang-dog expression; this life of deceit weighed on her conscience.

One evening, as Mervyn slowed his car at the narrow approach to the Cecil, he chanced on Sarah and Josephine returning from a walk. Josephine was morosely waiting for Sarah to put her back on the hated lead, as was now customary before entering the grounds. When she saw Mervyn, Josephine perked up and, in spite of herself, she let out a bark. Mervyn waved. Josephine sped after the car like an underslung greyhound. Mervyn stopped and opened the door. Josephine leapt in and all over him, tom-tomming the leather seat with her tail.

Sarah came up.

"Please get in. I want to talk to you," Mervyn said, avoiding Josephine's busy tongue as best he could.

Sarah stood hesitating. Josephine twisted her head from one to the other in eager jerks. "Come on, come on. What *are* we waiting for?" she barked impatiently. Sarah got in. Josephine wriggled between them like an ecstatic eel.

Mervyn drove the car out along the top of the hog's back ridge and stopped at an isolated spot. Below, the lights of Delhi bobbed in the smoke-blued dusk of the plain; above the eastern stars jewelled the sky. Josephine skipped out and darted, this way and that, in and out of the jungle, snuffling excitedly after all its delightful fauna—jackal, pie-dogs, stray cats.

"Sarah, please forgive me," Mervyn said.

"There's nothing to forgive," Sarah said. "We each made a mistake; that's all there is to it."

"*I* made a mistake," Mervyn said. "Sarah, I love you. Could you possibly marry me?" His voice was strained, entirely lacking the smooth assurance of that Tavern night.

"We think so differently about—things," Sarah said sadly. Then she added with a little laugh: "You're so modern and I'm so old-fashioned."

"Teach me to be old-fashioned—I've thought of nothing but you all these days."

"I don't fancy myself as the tail end of a procession in your life," Sarah said. And to all his pleading she said, "No."

"At least, let me see something of you now and again," Mervyn begged humbly. But Sarah still said, "No."

AT breakfast, the next day, there was a frenzied scuffle at Mervyn's door and Josephine dashed in. Round and round the room she tore, hurdling chairs, knocking things over, steering with her tail, yelping, barking. Mervyn stared at her in astonishment. Then he too jumped up.

"Josephine!" he cried. "You're off the lead!"

"Off the lead! Off the lead! Off the lead!" Josephine barked, slithering round a corner of the parquet floor like a motor cycle at speed.

"Sarah sent you over to see me!" Mervyn exulted.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Josephine exulted back from several parts of the room at once.

"Sarah's forgiven me!" Mervyn cried.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Josephine barked, leaping into his arms and kissing him furiously all over his face and the back of his ears.

END

Banqueting In London To-day (*Continued from page* 20)

THE need for putting public "dining out" on a business footing first occurred to the landlord of the Freemason's Arms off Drury Lane some forty years ago. He founded the Connaught Rooms, which to-day serve more than half-a-million lunches and dinners a year in twenty-three separate dining-rooms, the biggest of which holds 1,100. A basic staff of 350, rising at times to over 1,000, is employed in sustaining this non-stop banquet.

The Connaught Rooms, varied as are their hundreds of clients—regimental associations, masonic lodges and old-school-tie gatherings—have a down-to-earth air about them.

To get the real flavour of the current boom you must move farther west to Mayfair.

Here, for instance, is the Dorchester in Park Lane, of which a younger member of the Royal Family is credited with saying rather wearily: "I'm getting to know this place better than Buckingham Palace."

Which remark highlights one of the causes of the boom: that "dining out" has increased because there is no more "dining *in*" on a large scale left.

Let us look at this year's record of the Dorchester, which lays out annually 25,000 public lunches and 80,000 public dinners in its suite of nine rooms. This suite is so constructed that it can be made, by soundproof folding doors, into a number of sizes.

Here to the Dorchester comes a man with a blank cheque in his hand who wishes to impress a visiting Texan with English hospitality. For him they constructed this summer a horseshoe table surrounded by a solid mass of hundreds of hydrangeas. In the centre was a fountain which played during dinner, the latter being served by Dorchester waiters dressed in livery and wearing wigs.

The scene changes. The Saudi Arabian Ambassador wishes to give a banquet for the Emir Feisal. Hundreds of carnations were dyed green to mix with white ones and form a floral display of the Saudi Arabian colours.

A few nights on and a hostess professes a desire to dine and dance guests in the atmosphere of a Cuban garden. This is successfully contrived, and presently at another party Princess Margaret finds herself sitting under the trees of an English garden.

What all this costs is a matter between the hotel and the client, but the very minimum charge is around £1 5s. per head.

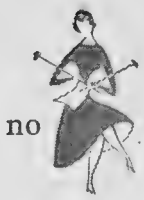
The money is naturally made on the drinks served, yet so intense is the competition that diners can often get a much superior meal to that served in the restaurant proper.

A glimpse of the competition at work is gained by moving up the street to the even vaster Grosvenor House.

When General Eisenhower visited London this year he was entertained by the English Speaking Union, which usually holds its function at the Dorchester. But so great was the demand for tickets that the whole affair was transferred to the rival Grosvenor House, which has one room which can dine 1,500 people at once, some five hundred more than the Dorchester.

Here there is a system of signal lights behind the scenes to make the service smooth.

With the meat ration so small, the emphasis continues to be on poultry, of which a vast number are consumed each week. The Grosvenor House banqueting manager has found that in general (*Continued on page* 82)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snipe and woodcock have to be avoided, and when there are women guests shell-fish and oysters are a gamble.

The Grosvenor service works out at about one waiter to every ten and one wine waiter to every twenty guests. A 1,000 cover banquet usually calls for the services of about twenty barmen.

Orchestras usually run from £6 per musician upwards, while toast-masters can command anything from three to ten guineas, according to the duties demanded of them. (One of them this year rapped on the table in the middle of a banquet and pointed out that a certain group of diners were behaving in ungentlemanly fashion by making their wine vibrate.)

The oldest and most glamorous suite of rooms belongs to the Savoy Hotel and here you can also see the small "banquet" in its most flourishing form.

In one room a group of financiers are assembling with a view to a post-prandial conference behind locked doors. A few yards away a Hollywood film actress is being entertained to a farewell banquet by her publicity agent. Next door again a company is about to unveil a new carpet sweeper. Somewhere in between a young man is having his twenty-first birthday celebrated.

The doors of all these rooms being so close together—down "banqueting alley"—it is inevitable that some guests get mixed up and find themselves seated at the wrong function. This has happened more than once to the present writer.

All three of the leading banquet hotels are long accustomed to the peculiar fancies of their customers. The blowing of hunting horns and bagpipes; the wearing of white

Banqueting In London To-day

flannels; the appearance—an old tradition this—of a scantily clad lady out of a box or an egg as the clock strikes twelve. The staid Automobile Association greeted guests this year at an anniversary dinner with an Edwardian bobby armed as for a police trap of the period.

What was once a useful adjunct to a hotel—which, after all, is primarily a place for travellers to sleep and eat—has become through economic conditions a major item in the annual balance sheet.

The great London hotels may complain bitterly about rising prices, food shortages and the cost of labour, but they have no cause to complain when dividends are declared.

END

Women's Ward (*Continued from page* 48)

was expected. Feel guilty. Husband and daughters come in afternoon. Look in glass before their arrival, and find face pallid, but an improvement on yesterday's effect of badly washed sheet. Lovely to see family, who are laden with flowers and magazines.

March 16

Bed opposite has been occupied by Mrs. Gummidge in person. In next bed is charming old lady who has ten children. All have had eventful lives, and her week's stay will not be nearly long enough for absorbing details.

March 17

Nursing staff evidently partly recruited from Ireland. Shamrock on every other apron bib. Am on full diet, but food seems nasty.

March 18

Allowed to sit up. Most enjoyable after six days' study of ward ceiling. Further view consists of Nurses' Home and well-stocked graveyard.

Approve nurses, with one or two exceptions, and all patients except menace with noisy laugh and Rabelaisian conversation.

March 20

Clips out. Interesting rather than painful process. Sister completely human, and talks of putting on weight and difficulty of getting into expensive new suit. Girl in opposite bed has third operation since January 14. Awe-smitten at her plucky exit to theatre.

March 20

Hospital chaplain comes round. We discuss local vicar, then conversation languishes. Girl comes in for examination. She is very pretty, ex-barmaid, with exotic nightwear. She comes over to talk to me, and begs me to call her Ireen. Find this impossible, but appreciate kind gesture. Greets another patient as long-lost friend, but hear afterwards that "she is no friend of mine." Ireen decamped from husband and small child, when living next door, etcetera.

March 21

Ireen has anaesthetic, and examination. She compares sensation with hangover, evidently familiar.

March 22

Ireen departs with much joy, and pseudo husband. Her bed is later occupied by small, elderly female like scared rabbit. She huddles under bedclothes and cries. Entire ward is sweet to her, and produce fruit, cake and magazines. Am much impressed by kindness and camaraderie shown, also by stoicism. Nurse asserts that public wards have more courage and cheerfulness than private wards. Feel that if this is true in own case, it is due to dislike of making fuss in public.

March 23

Have leisure to look at women doctors, who come round together. One, young and pretty, has mop of hair, obviously oldest clothes under white overall, and no stockings. Other, described by next bed as "Continental-looking," wears ravishing clothes, nylons, lovely shoes and knock-out hair-do. She is also expert gynaecologist. Less dressy girl delights me by telling me that I can go home on Sunday.

Family come and give me tantalizing accounts of appetising meals cooked by younger daughter.

March 24

Scared rabbit goes down to theatre. Has reverted to tears, and tells neighbour that idea terrifies her, and there is no limit to what surgeon will take out, when he has knife in hand. This idea chills us all, and little consolation is possible.

March 25

Matron inspects ward as usual. Frantic tidying always precedes this visitation, and I am once more implored not to have more than two books out, nor to drop knitting wool on floor. Locker is, in any case, inaccessible, and I find it tiresome to have everything taken away, and put out of reach until danger is well over.

Matron asks each of us in turn how we are, and is told we are very well. Query, why then are we in hospital? She speeds past me, as she has ever since I told her on morning after operation, against all etiquette and from the bottom of my heart, that I felt awful.

March 26

Glamorous district nurse comes to next bed, in afternoon. She tells me that operation is nothing to her, owing to vast experience, and sits scornfully on side of bed and darns stockings. Later she argues with nurses and makes them nervous, and when Sister intervenes asks to borrow textbooks on nursing, the only thing she ever reads.

March 27

Breakfast consists of half-charred kipper. No letters for me, and neighbouring chimney catches fire, filling ward with smoke and smuts.

District nurse comes back from operation, and groans for rest of day. Friend comes in to see her. She cheers up slightly, but not for long.

March 28

Menace in corner goes home, making improper jokes with stretcher porters on possibility of taking bedpan home as souvenir.

March 29

Mousy neighbour helps me wash back, which I find inaccessible. I am grateful, and say so, but am told firmly not to be soft, and presented with bar of chocolate.

March 30

District nurse thrills ward, and breaks rules by having five visitors at once—all males. She tells them of personal bravery, and impossibility of anything getting her down, but reverts to groans on their departure.

Family visits for last time. Husband telephones for ambulance.

March 31

Daughters appear at 10.30 a.m., and pack for me. Ambulance comes at 11 a.m. Men ask me to make sure I have my ration book. Four nurses say good-bye. They all ask if I have ration book. Farewells from patients who all remind me about ration book.

Wheeled off with wavings and shouts. Very, very different feeling from arrival. Am thrust into ambulance, on stretcher. Entrancing drive follows, through squalid slums, succeeded by dreary suburbs. Daughters sit on narrow seat. Arrive home, am taken upstairs in blanket, and dumped in own bed. Home seems Elysian, and family obviously archangels. Why hadn't I noticed before?

END

The Purdonium Points The Way (*Continued from page* 43)

re-commence exactly as before, testing the potential buying power of the afternoon audience, which may be entirely new. Towards the end of the sale the quality drops again, but the clever auctioneer saves a few good items until the end, in order to make people stay.

Even more important than the sale day, to you, is the Viewing. Few women view properly. They visit the house, or sale-room, walk through casually, glance at the articles, chat to their friends, and drift away again without once pausing to examine the goods. Yet that, after all, is what a View Day is for. That is what the auctioneer's men are for—to answer your questions and move the furniture, if necessary, so that you may examine it more closely.

So take out drawers to discover how they run and whether they have been "played with." If you are looking for a genuine antique the drawers, perhaps more than anywhere else, will reveal the presence of new wood. Open that Sheraton wardrobe which looks so attractive from the front—you may get a shock if you wait until you get it home. Avoid items which have been heavily "treacled"—liberally varnished. Nothing covers a multitude of sins so competently as a plentiful application of varnish.

If you are keen on genuine handles, it is easy enough to check on these. Look for the dents, slight or otherwise, made upon the wood beneath—or upon the brass plates made to take the "blow." These are sometimes less discernible, but they are there, just the same, if the handles are really old. If the existing handles drop into these marks, or bruises, you may be pretty certain that they are the original ones, but if there are other indentations slightly out of alignment these have been made by other handles at an earlier date.

And, of course, there are the marks left by bunches of keys. (*Continued on page* 84)

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Marks, too, on stretcher rails of tables, chairs and desks. These will be in two concaves, if made by generations of human feet, for the natural tendency is to sit with the feet apart. The faker can only produce such signs with a spokeshave and file, in a single concave.

Human hands leave their mark, also—human elbows, too—on arms of chairs lacking upholstery. Observe how many people rub their hands, in a revolving motion, upon the end of chair arms—usually the right one—and see how, upon an old chair, this has produced a smoothly polished area, with the edges sloped off. The faker can produce such marks only to deceive the first cursory glance.

Chair legs are significant, also. Dining chairs, and others in frequent use, display another smoothly polished area beneath the base of the legs and, in the case of heavier chairs such as Georgian or Chippendale, a rounding of the front edge of the "paw," or foot. This is the result of being lifted by the back and pulled across carpets. Your genuine antique will reveal this indisputable sign of age. The faker finds it hard to reproduce.

Make the most of View Day, therefore, and take your time when examining the lots. Only this, coupled with experience, can teach you to detect the obvious signs that a piece of furniture has been, as the dealers say, "played about with."

You can learn a lot from the auctioneer himself. Don't be afraid of asking, or of revealing ignorance. If, for instance, you are unsure whether a piece of silver is Georgian or William and Mary—*ask*. A reputable auctioneer will tell you, quite truthfully, whether it is known to be a genuine piece, or is only believed to be. He will be equally frank about an item of furniture and will very often lead you away from a bad buy to a good one if you are not afraid of seeking, and taking, his advice.

Wait until the bidding is under way, judge how it is going, then join in—if you still want to. On the other hand, don't leave it too late and start bidding after the fall of the hammer—a common practice and one, quite naturally, infuriating to the auctioneer.

Finally, don't be misled by the catalogue. After all, everyone has to dress his shop window, and "in the Stuart style" or "Regency type" does not mean that the article is a genuine Stuart or Regency piece. And the term "Old English" can cover an awfully long period—from 1066, or earlier, up to a mere fifty years ago.

Just as the word "purdonium" proved, after all, to mean a scuttle of the most common variety. Wooden. And not even handsome!

END

The Purdonium Points The Way

A Paradise For Birds (*Continued from page* 16)

who had had fourteen children and eight grandchildren; who liked to travel in his big American cars; who had built up a firm antique business; who had long bestowed most beneficial attentions on his commune . . . here was Mynheer van den Brink forgetting most things so as to lead personally in the construction and stocking of a private bird preserve!

The villagers shook their heads, and so did the large Brink family, the matriarch of which even went so far as to suggest the intervention of a psychiatrist.

Presently he had assembled some 300 sorts of bird. What was working in his mind? All he said was: "If the villagers are so curious about what I am doing, let them come in and see for themselves," a notion which he proceeded to translate into action by inserting an invitation in the local newspaper.

The result was surprising: 40,000 visitors in a month; 10,000 on one Sunday alone.

People like looking at birds, even quite ordinary birds in a common-or-garden setting, reflected van den Brink. "Supposing I offered them really rare and exotic specimens, masses of them, in an enchanting setting where they could relax and refresh themselves, and even eat and make merry?" So was the big idea born—and a bad time with the family.

Van den Brink decided to open his Avifauna the following spring. He set a target of 400 different species and 7,000 "Pensionnaires," which meant fairly digging up the neighbourhood. He collected together 300 workmen who drained marshes, levelled terrain, sank wells, built a lake, cleared woods, even took the kitchen garden and the Dutch garden in hand, built pavilions, waterfalls, bridges, laid down winding roads and paths, and erected a huge restaurant.

Protest as she might, Mrs. van den Brink could make no impression, nor did family councils. Even the burgomaster was called in to try and restrain the man possessed. And the burgomaster went sadly away after hearing his old friend Brink anticipate half a million visitors that summer. Half a million people coming to unknown little Alphen . . . the man must have gone . . .

Well, Avifauna's turnstiles started clicking in May and by November more than one million people had paid their florin to pass through them. This year the attendance has gone up despite the weather, Avifauna's twenty acres having become a tourist "must." To-day, it takes a staff of 200 to run the park and restaurant seating 1,400. Included are van den Brink himself and thirteen of his fourteen children, but not Mrs. van den Brink who chooses to manage the five thriving hat stores.

PART of the success is attributable to the Dutch passion for gardens, part goes to little medieval Alphen itself, ideal background for purposes of showmanship; the fact of Alphen lying within easy reach of Amsterdam, The Hague, Haarlem, Leyden, Utrecht, and of a four million population, has meant a great deal, too; but the main cause of Avifauna's immediate and vast popularity is to be found in the idea itself and in the way it has been worked out. Its inceptor accounts for matters in these words: "In each of us, however dull our work, hides a poet. In creating my Avifauna I wrote my poem. As it happens, I am also a business man. Which explains why my poem pays." (It earned £100,000 in the first season, recouping building and stocking expenses.

What van den Brink has done, has been to impregnate a contemporary pleasure garden with bird life of all kinds. Geraldo plays hot music (also Victor Silvester), while a couple of long-legged, jabbery storks careen around crazily in a mating dance outside the restaurant window. You go for a stroll—and allow pelicans to cross the rustic bridge before you. Taking a shady path, you halt to allow three ostriches to march solemnly across in Indian file.

A delight is to watch the penguins and ducks sporting at the foot of their private waterfall. Sooner or later you come across everything from huge-beaked South American birds to sleek Siberian geese and tiny things with plumage that would make the rainbow try again. And most of the larger birds are left in complete liberty. So, too, are the devotees of the lake, which is kept constantly stocked with tasty fish for such as flamingos and herons. It fronts the restaurant whence one may watch the chasing and the diving.

The lake birds have their homes in miniature windmills and cottages, the effect being of a Lilliputian village. The pigeon loft is an exact copy of the belfry at Horn. Here and there van den Brink wields too heavy a hand, strays towards vulgarity—as with gondolas and a paper-mâché castle—but Avifauna has not yet begun to lose its original charm.

All the birds are pampered to a degree. Central heating, running water, the temperature of water regulated to suit Arctic and tropical tastes, precisely correct nutriment, as little suggestion of the cage as possible. If the smaller "guests" cannot be at large, like the bigger ones, the aviaries are so spacious and contrived, as to convey the next thing to liberty. In some cases, the smaller birds actually are at liberty, and thereby hangs a tale—of van den Brink's imagination turned to business account.

DURING his preliminary reading up of birds and their ways, he discovered that many specimens, especially the exotic variety, are afraid of darkness. That has been well known to heaps of people for ages. Yet who before this Dutchman thought of using the outer darkness instead of the wire of cages, to keep the birds from flying away? Near the lake stands a pavilion in which are a row of cages. As soon as darkness descends, bright lighting is turned on in each cage and all the cages are flung open. The birds fly sociably from cage to cage, but never attempt to go any farther. Darkness forbids.

This is one of the *clous* of Avifauna; a second is the floodlighted area around the lake, where scores of big birds disport themselves late into the night to the delight of diners in the restaurant and of people seated on the café terraces. So as not to drown the calls of bird life, even the swellest orchestra plays lightly.

The creator of Avifauna clearly banked heavily on the vast restaurant-cum-café as generator of the right spirit of enjoyment and jollification. Dance music and floor-shows are provided, and big-name orchestras are no exception. So much is necessary on account of Holland's damp and uncertain weather through much of the year. From under cover visitors can watch birds who don't mind the rain, and this holds good especially on indifferent nights when the floodlit show induced by fish in the lake varies little from the performance put up on fine nights.

To cater for this "popular" invasion, the original bird park is being cast increasingly as pleasure gardens. Dotted about are souvenir, fruit and refreshment stands. A playground has been built for children and an amusement park for their elders is on the way to completion.

Some of the more conservative Dutch who applauded Mynheer Brink at the outset are now not so sure. They think the birds may be increasingly reduced to a sideline. Yet there is good ground for believing that their misgivings will prove to be false. In the first place, van den Brink has developed a highly lucrative business in artificial incubation. Secondly, Mr. Brink has commissioned some of his large family to travel out to the exotic bird lands and there arrange direct purchase from bird catchers. He wants to cut out bird dealers who have been extracting high prices. A couple of ostriches have cost as much as £700, a penguin £70, and a pelican £5 more.

He is, indeed, a much-wanted man. His revolutionary bird presentation has caught the imagination of promoters on both sides of the Atlantic. The biggest offer comes, naturally, from the United States: a $500,000 project for van den Brink to build and run an Avifauna at Miami, Florida, on a profit-sharing basis. Lesser offers have come from Denmark, Spain, Britain, Italy and France. But the one-time milliner is not at present interested in going abroad. Rather does he intend to expand and perfect his original conception at Alphen.

And that's the tale of what comes from gazing down at four pheasants.

END

1.10.51

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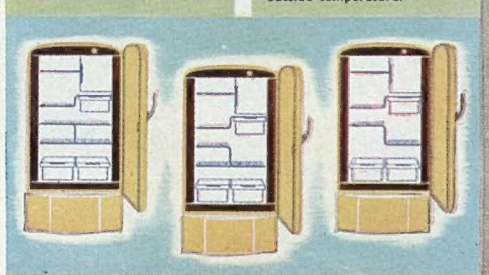

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